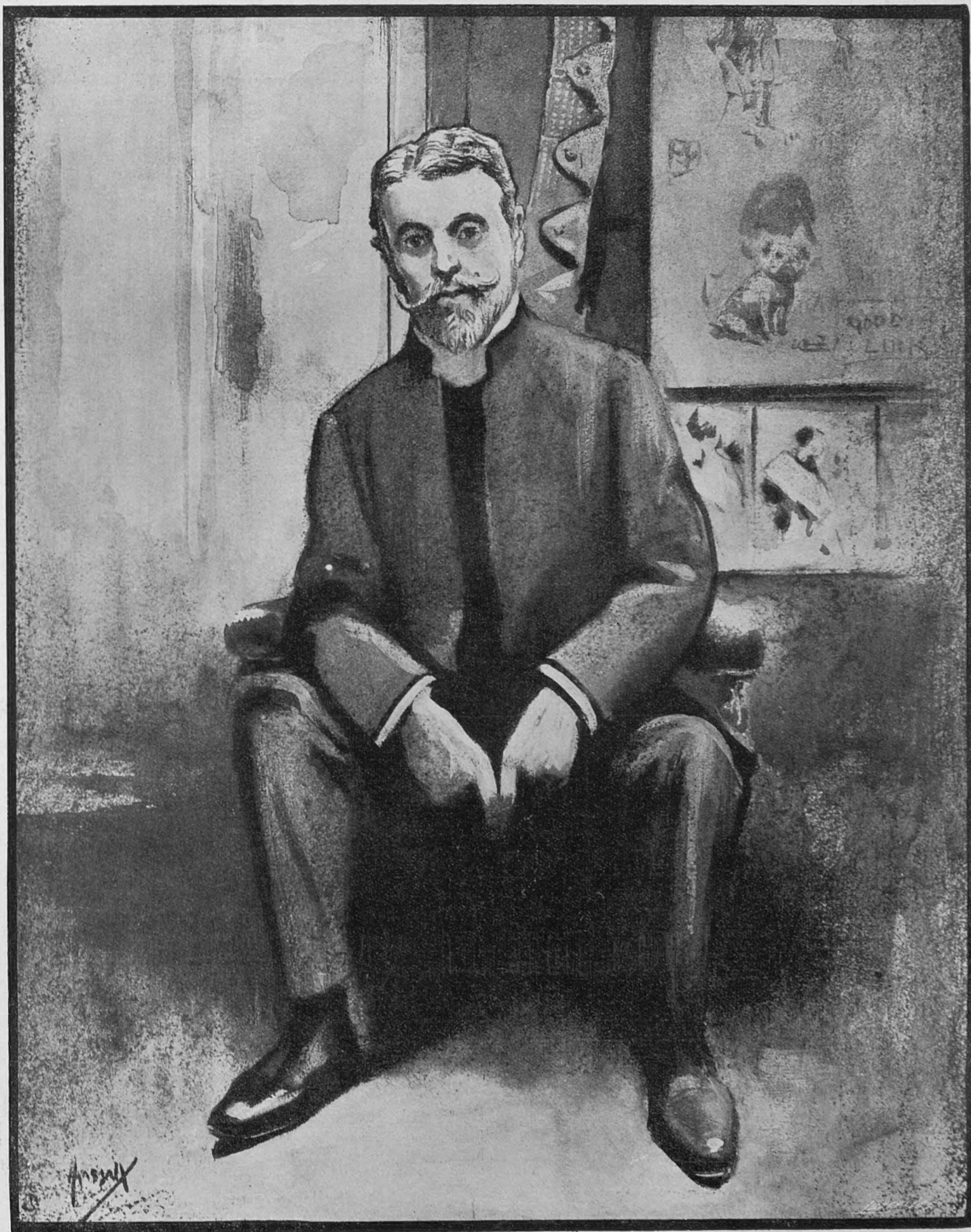




No. 514.—Vol. XL.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS THE REV. WALTER MAXWELL IN "THE UNFORESEEN,"

THE NEW HAYMARKET PLAY BY CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL.

Drawn for "The Sketch" (at a special sitting) by John Hassall.

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER: EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor desires to warn "Sketch" readers that a few copies only of the Christmas Number, published on Monday last, are still remaining. As there will be no reprint, intending purchasers are advised to give their orders to the newsagents without delay. The number contains many clever drawings, both in colour and black-and-white, by Phil May, Dudley Hardy, John Hassall, Tom Browne,

Louis Wain, Ralph Cleaver, Oscar Wilson, James Greig, and others, together with several charming complete stories and sets of verses by Katharine Tynan, Harold Begbie, Estelle Burney, Charles Kennet Burrow, Nora Chesson, Clifton Bingham, and others. With the number is presented a delightful coloured plate. The price of the whole is One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY: GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOST of us, I suppose, at one time or another, have despaired of our fellow-creatures. They have annoyed us in the street; they have irritated us in railway-carriages; they have exasperated us in the theatre. But, just as the day is darkest before dawn, so the extremity of our patience has brought us the longed-for antidote. Thanks to Mrs. Humphry, that omniscient lady whom the seekers after *Truth* allude to, somewhat irreverently, as "Madge," it will no longer be necessary for the unfortunately born and the ill-educated to commit those social solecisms that go far to render the life of the sensitive Londoner well-nigh infernal. For Mrs. Humphry, as philanthropic as she is greatly daring, has compiled a wonderful book that puts it within the reach of every social Hooligan to become, almost in a moment of time, a little lady or a little gentleman. The book, I may inform you—solely that, having no need of it yourself, you may impart the information to those who have need—is called "Etiquette for Every Day." For myself, I intend to carry about with me a constant supply of these tasty volumes, and to present one to each boulder with whom I am thrown into unpleasant contact. After all, there is one saving grace about the modern boulder—he can always read.

If knowledge is invariably the outcome of experience, I am afraid dear Mrs. Humphry must have had more than her share of social unpleasantnesses. Take, for example, her chapter on "Manners at the Play." She says: "If escorting a lady or ladies at the play, a man may ask permission to go and speak for a few moments to a friend in some other part of the auditorium, but it would be uncourteous if he were to remain away for any length of time. It would be a plain intimation that he preferred the other lady. He should return to his party before the interval is over; and, of course, he would never dream of visiting his acquaintance during the progress of a performance." The very idea of Mrs. Humphry's escort jumping up in the middle of an Act to go and have a word with some minx in another part of the stalls is too harrowing to dwell upon. But the lady has her revenge on the reptile when the play is over, for, according to her etiquette, a real gentleman will always see a lady home if she happens to be going thither in a cab, whilst, should there be no room inside, he will sit beside the cabman on the box. There's discipline for you! It is obvious that Mrs. Humphry reckons nothing of the high premium on the life of the ordinary male. I hasten to add that I am quite in sympathy with her on this, as on every other point.

One chapter in this incomparable book is dedicated exclusively to Men. With regard to the perfect gentleman, I am relieved to find it set down, once and for all, that the real gentleman "never remains seated while a lady in the room is standing. He jumps up to open the door for her if she should rise to leave the room, or to pick up any article she may have dropped, or to hand her anything she wishes for: a cup of tea, a newspaper, a book." So far, I am easy in my mind, but when the writer comes to the matter of accomplishments I begin to feel a sense of uneasiness stealing over me. For example: "There are certain accomplishments that a man finds necessary, and with which he should take care to furnish himself. A knowledge of tennis is one of the most useful, and to be a good dancer is a very great social recommendation." Oh, Madam, Madam, if you knew to what depths of despair these few light words of yours have cast me! For some years now I have realised that my performance on the lawn-tennis courts will never get beyond the vulgar mediocre, whilst my dancing, I admit with a groan, is the despair of my most affectionate sister. And then, as though I were not deep enough in the mire

of self-contempt, I go on to read that, "To talk brightly and well is also a good point."

As you will easily see from the few extracts that I have ventured to make, Mrs. Humphry's book is full of useful hints, but I wish she had said a little more on the etiquette of railway-travelling. Judging by my own experience, the boulder is never so much of a boulder as when he finds himself in a railway-carriage. For one bitter year of my life, I lived in a suburb some twelve miles out of London, and during that time I conceived a hatred of my fellow-traveller that will never leave me on this side of the grave. There was the man who wanted the window down and the man who wanted it up; there was the man who talked loudly of his wealth and the man who took home fried fish in a too, too fragile basket; there was the man who resented one's getting into the carriage and the man who made a fourteenth without apology; there was always the man who left the carriage on a cold or foggy day without shutting the door behind him. I hated them all with a hatred that scorched my soul, and I regret, therefore, that Mrs. Humphry has not dealt at greater length and more severely with the railway cad. However, I am thankful for all the other mercies that she has vouchsafed unto us.

Of short-story writers, Mr. W. W. Jacobs is quite one of the most popular. This popularity, I take it, he owes to the fact that he never sits down to write a short story without having an idea in his head that is worth the working out. Plenty of short-story writers have a sense of style, but most of them are lacking in constructive ability; that is why so many editors seek the seclusion of a mad-house or die young. Mr. Jacobs's latest volume, "The Lady of the Barge," is made up of twelve complete stories, some humorous, some melodramatic, some uncanny. Oddly enough, the humorous stories are the weakest; indeed, the one that gives the title to the book is particularly poor for a Jacobs. "Captain Rogers," in my opinion, is the best yarn in the volume; the conclusion is entirely unexpected and is dramatic to a degree. The arrangement of the stories is somewhat crude; it seems a little unnecessary to make the reader laugh and shudder in such strict alternation.

But there! What people want with books when they have the daily papers is more than I can understand. During the last two or three weeks, we have had every kind of literary fare in the papers, from melodramatic murders to smart Society comedies. The British public, by the way, does not set enough store by its newspaper. It is too apt to read the big articles and let the little paragraphs take care of themselves. Here, for example, is a precious morsel that I discovered in the *Daily Mail* the other day. One of the bright young men on that bright young paper had been chatting, deferentially, with a lady wrestler, and had asked her, presumably, how she managed to retain all her womanly sweetness and charm in view of the fact that her calling was of a slightly unfeminine nature. To this the lady replied: "It is quite a mistake to suppose that wrestling causes women to be unwomanly. On the contrary, the knowledge of their strength makes them more gentle towards those who are weaker, while they derive confidence from knowing that they possess the means of self-defence." Here, then, is the solution of the marriage problem! Let us but attend sufficiently to the muscular development of our girls, and they will gradually learn to treat the mere male with all that beautiful gentleness that comes from an assured knowledge of superior physical strength.

Chicst



CHRISTMAS BANQUET OF THE NEW VAGABOND CLUB,
HELD AT THE TROCADERO RESTAURANT ON THURSDAY EVENING LAST.

Sketches by Ralph Cleaver. (See Page 244.)

THE CLUBMAN.

The Case of the 9th Lancers—British Soldiers and the Natives of India.

THE case of the 9th Lancers is very much public property now, for it has already been the subject of questions in the two Houses of Parliament, and the matter is not going to be allowed to rest. It is much talked about in the Clubs, particularly the Service Clubs, and, very naturally, soldier opinion takes the side of the soldiers in the matter and holds that it is unfair to punish men who were on leave in England for an occurrence in India and to punish a regiment as a whole for an offence which the police say they cannot trace with certainty to any of its members. I do not think that there is any humane man who does not cordially agree with the present Viceroy that the life of the meanest British subject, whether black or white, should be protected to the uttermost; that the idea that the existence of a native of India more or less is of no consequence because he is "only a Nigger" is to be sternly checked; and that there can be no punishment too severe for the man, soldier or civilian, who kills a wretched coolie in wantonness because he is such an easy mark for brutality. But what the men of the Clubs say is that the school-master method of ruling the Army is wrong, and that collective punishments, the final resource of an usher dealing with troublesome schoolboys, is not a wise punishment to apply to a distinguished regiment. The ease with which a collective punishment is applied is one of its sources of danger. A simple order makes life so unendurable to a body of men that at last, if there is anybody to be denounced, one of his comrades, weary of punishment, denounces him. There remains, however, a feeling of the strongest resentment after the punishment.

Not only is this particular case a difficult one to deal with, and not only do different men look at it from very different standpoints, but the whole subject of the relations between the British soldiers and the natives amongst whom they live in India is a difficult one to deal with. The case of a native done to death in cantonments is a most exceptional one; but there are daily cases, in which a soldier is injured by natives or a native by soldiers, where it is most difficult to apportion the blame. The incidents generally occur when men of a regiment are out game-shooting. It is necessary for the health of the Army in India that the soldiers should have amusement and exercise, and there is no amusement which is so popular with Tommy Atkins as to obtain a pass and to spend Thursday, which is always a whole holiday in India, in shooting. All is game that comes to his bag, and some brilliant-plumaged birds are, as often as not, all the spoil that is brought home.

It, however, frequently happens that a little band of soldiers shooting quite unwittingly do trespass on some sacred spot not marked out in any particular manner, or in some way offend against a local deity, and they find themselves suddenly confronted by a band of excited natives armed with "latties," the big sticks which are the peasants' weapons. To be able to put into slow order sentences such as "Can you direct me to the Bunnia's house?" or "Where does this path

lead to?" is of no avail when a dozen excited villagers are jabbering all at once in a "patois" that a good scholar would not understand. "See here, Johnny," says the leader amongst the soldiers, in the best of good temper, "we ain't been shooting no cows, nor sacred bulls with humps on them, nor peacocks, nor apes." But the natives only chatter the louder. The sticks are raised and a gun goes up to a shoulder. That evening, when three bound and badly beaten soldiers are dragged before the nearest Magistrate and a couple of natives are sent to hospital with gunshot wounds, there are two perfectly different stories to be told, all parties believing that they are telling the truth and nothing but the truth.

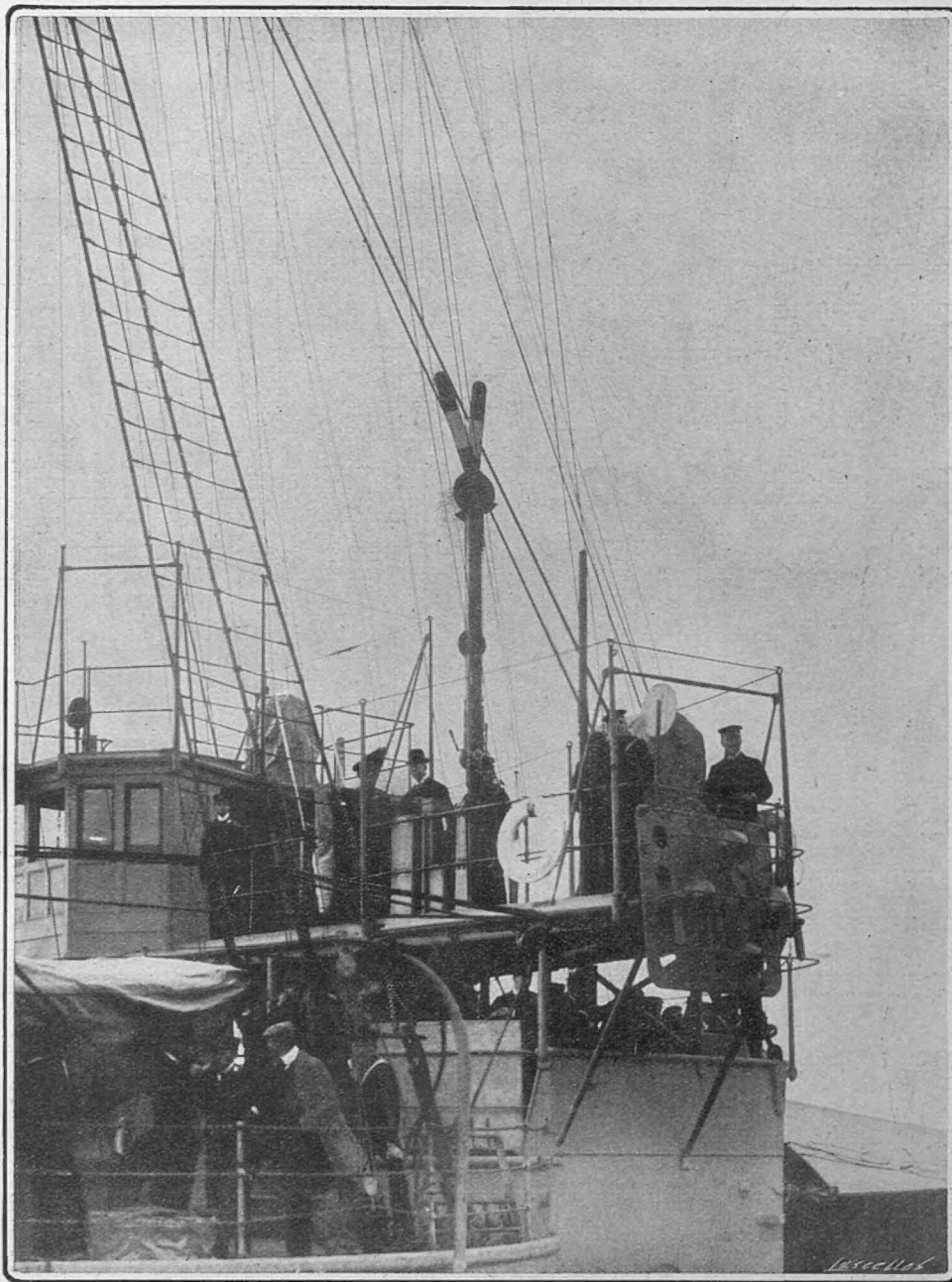
THE NEW VAGABONDS.

The first "Christmas banquet" of 1902 was held at the Trocadero last Thursday evening, when the members of the New Vagabond Club, under the Presidency of Mr. Anthony Hope, entertained Lieutenant-General Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton. Among the guests were Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir J. Furley, Sir James Blyth, Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., General Sir William and Lady Nicholson, Sir A. Rücker, Sir William and Lady Ramsay, Mr. Silas Hocking, Mrs. Heron-Maxwell, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. In response to the toast of his health, Sir Ian returned thanks in a humorous speech, which, after paying high tributes to Lord Roberts and Sir George White, he devoted for the most part to a description of how Lord Kitchener worked in South Africa. Sir Ian said that, though the commanding of a force against the able Boer leaders was not exactly a bed of roses, yet, compared with what he experienced at Pretoria while with his Chief, that task seemed to him a light one.

DEPARTURE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Amid the cheers of a large gathering of personal friends and of the general public, the Colonial Secretary left Victoria Station on Tuesday of last week for Portsmouth. Lord Roberts, the Earl of Onslow, Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Arnold-Forster, and many other friends and Members of Parliament were on the platform to wish the travellers God-speed, Mr. Jesse

Collings being the last to receive a hearty handshake. The Colonial Secretary's "good-bye" was coupled with the hope that he would be back in the beginning of March. At Portsmouth Town Station a Farewell Address was presented by the local Conservative Association, and then the train proceeded to the Harbour, where the Naval Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Hotham, and many other distinguished officers received the travellers. Rear-Admiral Fawkes, who is a personal friend of Mr. Chamberlain, conducted the party on board, where naval honours were rendered and an informal lunch partaken of. At about three o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain mounted to the after-bridge and the *Good Hope* left on the first stage of its long voyage. In addition to Rear-Admiral Fawkes, the officers of the *Good Hope* include Captain Charles Madden, a torpedo specialist, who is in command of the ship, and Commander Lionel Halsey (whose photograph appeared in last week's *Sketch*). The senior engineer is Mr. George H. Cockey, who won the D.S.O. in the recent China Expedition. The *Good Hope* is a big ship and carries a crew of nine hundred and thirty all told.



"OUTWARD BOUND!" MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE BRIDGE OF H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE."

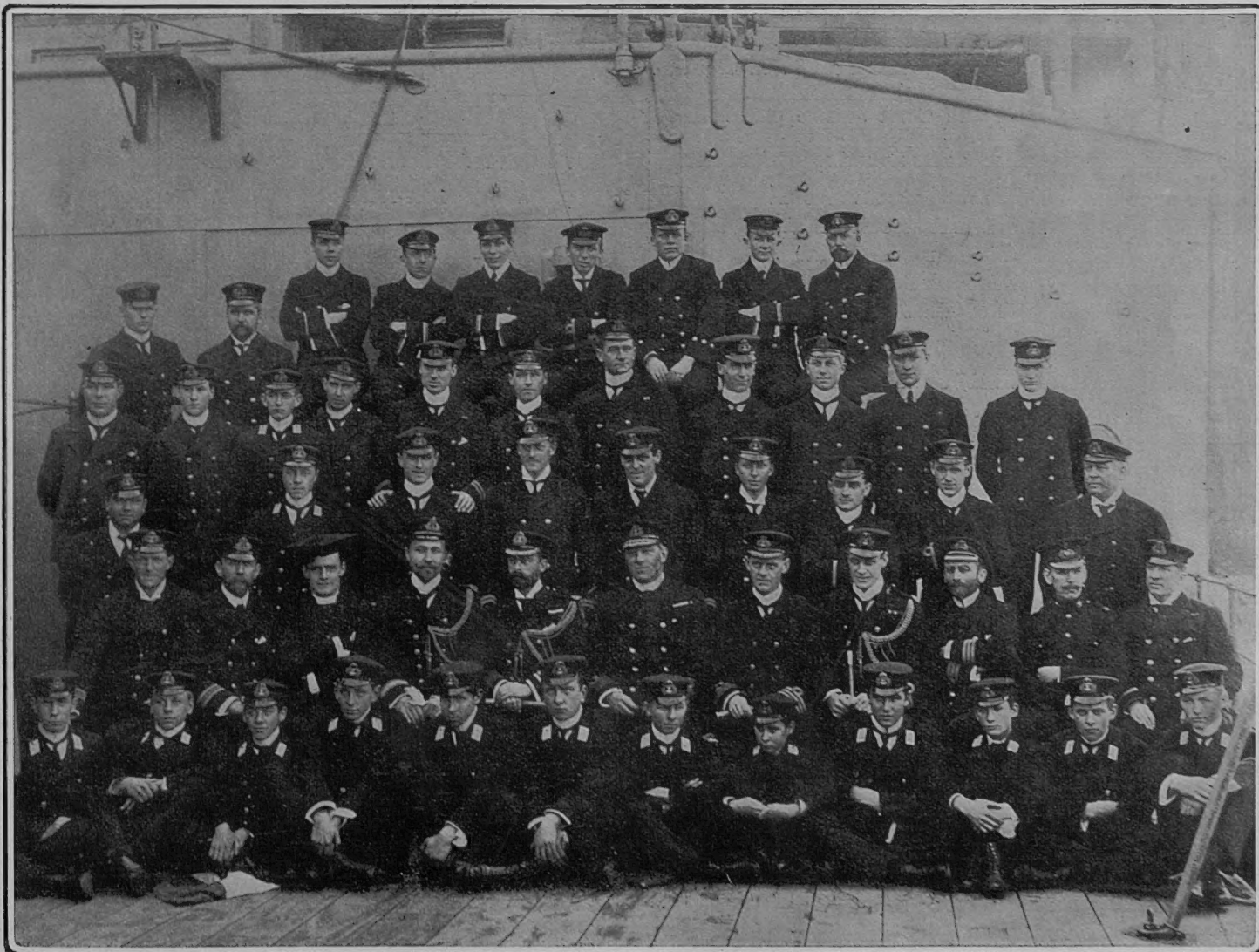
Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

TO SOUTH AFRICA WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN.



MEN OF THE "GOOD HOPE" TAKING THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S LUGGAGE ABOARD.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



THE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE": A COMPLETE GROUP.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

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EVERY SUNDAY for 1 or 2 days, EVERY MONDAY and THURSDAY (except Dec. 25) for Day and Half-day, and EVERY SATURDAY for Day and Half-day, 2 or 3 days, to Calvert, Finmere, Brackley, Helmdon, Culworth, Woodford, Charwelton, Willoughby, Rugby, Lutterworth, Ashby Magna, Whetstone, Leicester, and Loughborough.

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photograph submitted.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING and Queen will probably pay a short visit to Gopsall, the seat of Lord and Lady Howe, during the course of next week (the 9th). Their Majesties' host and hostess have long been favourites at Court, and they had the honour of entertaining the Sovereign and his Consort at Curzon House last June, the dinner being followed by a dance at which their Majesties were also present. Gopsall Hall is some three miles from Bosworth, Leicestershire,

and is in the midst of splendid hunting country. The beautiful house is one of the most comfortable and luxurious in the kingdom, and contains a number of very fine paintings, including a curious collection of portraits of the Stuarts. Lord Howe is better remembered under his old name of Viscount Curzon. He performed yeoman service both in Parliament and in South Africa, and was one of the first statesmen who volunteered for service at "the Front." Lady Howe, who is one of the brilliant group of sisters which includes Lady Wimborne and Lady Sarah Wilson, has all the Churchill pluck and dash. She ranks among the best whips in England and is an enthusiastic rider to hounds.

A Noble Whip. Lord Lonsdale may certainly lay claim to being the most many-sided member of his great order. There are innumerable Peers who give up much of their time to sport, but few who are so successful as is the German Emperor's recent host. Lord Lonsdale's carriages, or rather, one should use in this connection the fine old word "equipages," are justly famed. Even when in town, the Earl drives vehicles remarkable not only for their general smartness, but for their uncommon build and colouring, he and Lady Lonsdale having a peculiar affection for that enlivening tint, pale, bright yellow, while the Lonsdale horses are almost invariably chestnuts. When at Lowther, his Lordship remains faithful to the excellent old custom of postillion-driving. Keen whips still remember the extraordinary interest excited by the driving-match which took place in the early spring of 1891 between Lord Lonsdale and Lord Shrewsbury. On that occasion, Lord Lonsdale performed the truly remarkable feat of driving a single horse, a pair, a four-in-hand, and a pair, riding postillion, five miles each, over a bad stretch of road, in fifty-six minutes fifty-five and a-quarter seconds, including changes of vehicles.

The Durbar is now beginning to loom as large as did the Coronation last May. All sorts of wonderful stories are being told concerning the vast expense to which both hosts and guests will be put, and, if a quarter of what is said is true, Delhi will reap a splendid harvest. Ten pounds a-day per head seems to be a modest estimate of what the expenses will be during the historic week, but probably this figure will be much exceeded in the case of those who will live in camp. All sorts of arrangements are being made as regards the commissariat, also a determined effort to avoid the possibility of famine prices; this is due to the prevision and energy of Lord Curzon. One lady well known in London Society is said to be taking her *chef*—as she pays him a salary of two hundred pounds, she is probably unwilling to dispense with his valuable services—and her friends will have reason to bless her forethought. Yet another rumour not without interest sets forth that the Duchess of Connaught's jewels will eclipse in splendour those worn by native Princes, and that, in order to achieve this result, Her Royal Highness has been lent the chief treasures of other Royal caskets beside her own, the whole being insured for an almost fabulous sum.

A Princess's Pets. Princess Victoria Louise, the youngest child of the German Imperial pair, is the proud possessor of a small carriage and two cream-coloured ponies, presented to her some time ago by the Sultan (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). She may be seen during the summer driving with great self-complacency in the park surrounding the New Palace at Potsdam. Last week the ponies were removed to their winter stables in Potsdam. As they were being led thither, the Princess espied them. Leaving her governess, she bounded across the lawn and embraced the two animals, bestowing repeated caresses on them. "Good-bye, my darling little ponies," she exclaimed, "good-bye until we meet again in the spring!" The governess, who hastened breathlessly after her charge, experienced the greatest difficulty in separating the young Princess from her summer pets.

A Miniature Fortress. Whilst the Princess is engaged in driving or other pursuits, her brothers may frequently be found in a very original play-ground engaged in mimic warfare. More than five years ago, the late "King" Krupp conceived the happy notion of presenting the Princes with a miniature fortress, provided with stone bastions, revolving turrets, subterranean artillery works, and a number of Krupp cannon, executed, naturally, on a reduced scale. This fortress has been laid out in a private corner of the park at Sans Souci, and there the Emperor, well concealed from the curious gaze of the public, frequently spends an hour instructing his boys in the science of fortification.



LORD LONSDALE'S HORSES AND CARRIAGES IN FRONT OF THE STABLES AT LOWTHER CASTLE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

An Ideal Royal Cottage.

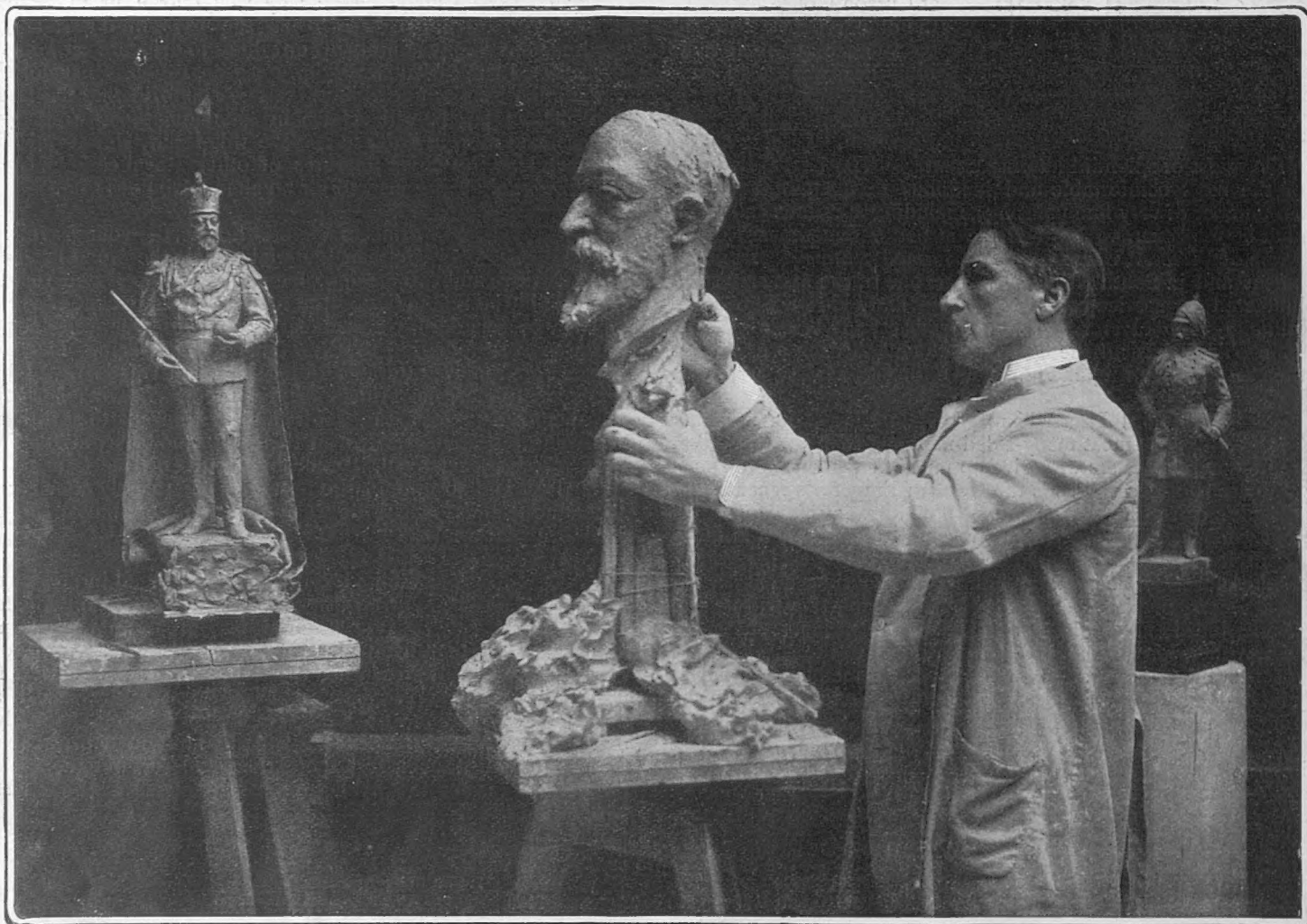
The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children are spending a few quiet weeks in their pretty country quarters. York Cottage is specially endeared to their Royal Highnesses, and though it has sometimes been suggested that they should move to a more imposing residence, they remain faithful to the quaint gabled group of buildings where they spent their honeymoon, and which has since been their country home in a far more real sense than any more palatial mansion could be. The charming sitting-rooms in York Cottage are far from large, and they are furnished very simply; but every arrangement in the Cottage was supervised by the Prince or Princess, and since more nurseries have been built, as well as an excellent billiard-room, the Heir-Apparent and his Consort find the accommodation quite sufficient.

Life at York Cottage.

When in the country the Prince and Princess of Wales lead very simple lives, seeing much of their children, and taking many walks and drives in the immediate neighbourhood. No day goes by without some communication taking place between the Hall and the Cottage. The King and Queen are devoted to their little grandchildren, and a touching affection exists between the Sovereign and his only son.

St. Stephen's, both being about six feet three inches. There is only half-an-inch between them. Mr. Eugene Wason, who represents Clackmannan, is much stouter than the Member for Orkney and Shetland and weighs fully twenty stone. He is as genial as he is big. Mr. Cathcart has distinguished himself not only by his independence, but by his pastime in the smoking-room. He caused a sensation there early in the year by knitting a stocking. It is too late to hope that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his brother, Mr. J. A. Campbell, will ever sit on the same side. Their political differences are more fundamental than those of the Wasons.

A Brilliant Début. Fortunately, Mr. Bonar Law is a canny Scot, otherwise he might be, as "C.-B." said lately of Mr. Chamberlain, a little *tête-montée*. He scored a great success by his twenty minutes' speech on the Sugar Convention. This was his first speech as a member of the Government delivered at the table of the House. Brief among the long-winded, the talented son of a Presbyterian minister made a genuine debating speech, dealing with points raised by opponents, and presenting his arguments in a precise, telling manner. He did not use "the paper," as some of his father's hearers might have said. Unassisted by notes, he spoke easily and



MR. GEORGE WADE AT WORK ON HIS STATUE OF THE KING TO BE UNVEILED AT READING TO-DAY BY PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.

Prince Edward and Prince Albert (the latter will celebrate his birthday on the 14th) now have tutors, but they are in no sense crammed with learning; on the contrary, everything is done to cause them to enjoy the possession of healthy minds in healthy bodies.

The Reading Statue.

The go-ahead Thames-side town of Reading is one of the few places in the South of England whose growth keeps pace with that of the great manufacturing centres in the North. Reading is stretching out its red-brick arms in all directions, and, thanks to the laudable spirit shown by the residents, its growth in size is accompanied by a commensurate increase both in facilities for recreation and in artistic adornment. The statue of His Majesty King Edward in Coronation robes, to be unveiled to-day, has been executed by that well-known sculptor, Mr. George Wade, and will form a notable and highly artistic addition to the many picturesque features which already adorn the town where the biscuits come from.

The Tall Brothers.

Brothers have been reunited in Parliament by the re-election of Mr. Cathcart Wason, formerly a Unionist and now an Independent Liberal. Hitherto the brothers have faced one another in the House, but now Mr. Cathcart is on the same side as Mr. Eugene Wason. They are the tallest men at

fluently. His promotion to the Treasury Bench was rapid, seeing that this is his first Parliament, but, so far as a single speech could be a test, it justified his selection. With this good start he ought to go forward. He is only forty-four.

Back from Brussels. Mr. Keir Hardie returned to the House of Commons from Brussels last week, and celebrated his freedom from conventionality by wearing a grey cloth cap. The cap, suggestive of the golf-ground or the railway-carriage, attracted the curious glances of members in evening-dress. In a former generation the Speaker might have expressed disapproval, but nowadays a member may wear what he pleases.

Underground Stations.

As a rule, the underground station is one of the most doleful-looking places in the world, both inside and out. But, for some reason or other, the authorities, whoever they may be, who have charge of Notting Hill Station have taken it into their heads to do it up in the most surprising manner, and the result is in every way refreshing. The place absolutely looks quite smart, and all its old dinginess has disappeared. Here is an example to be imitated, for if a little more soul—as Artemus Ward put it—were thrown into our railway stations, it would take a good deal of the gloom out of our lives.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS CHILDREN AT SANDRINGHAM.



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.



A FAMILY GROUP: THE TWO GENTLEMEN IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE ROYAL TUTORS.



PRINCE ALBERT OF WALES.



PRINCE HENRY OF WALES.

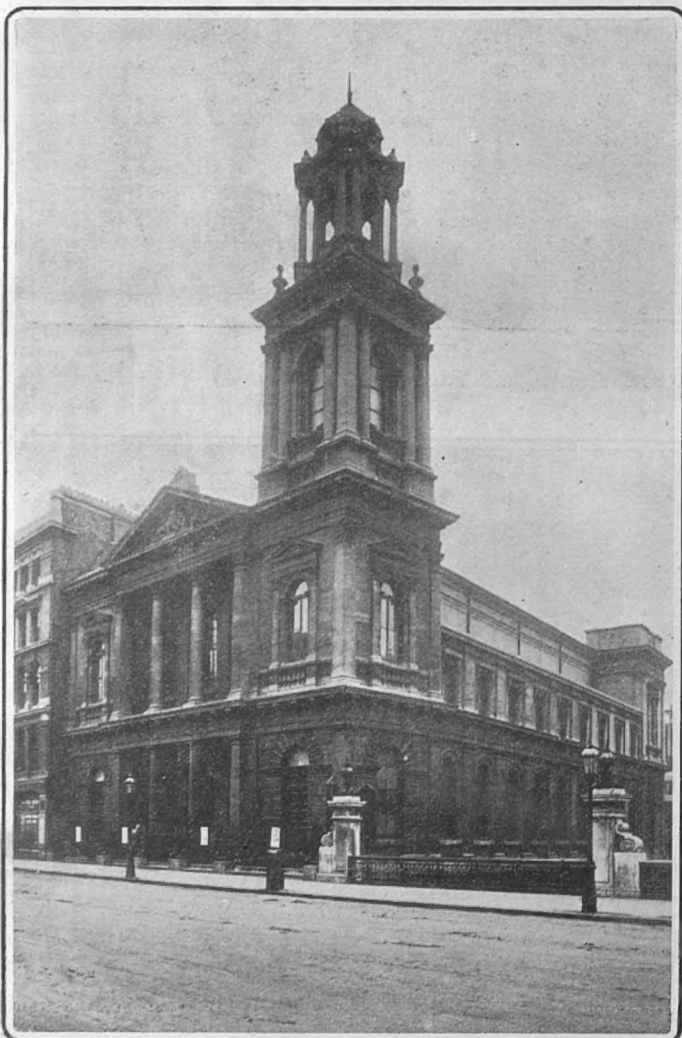
Photographs by Lafayette, London.

Princess Mafalda. The new little daughter of the King and Queen of Italy has been christened Mafalda Maria Anna Romana, and her first name has caused a great deal of talk. It appears that a Princess Matilda, or Mafalda, of Savoy was the daughter of Amadeus III., and married in 1146 Dom Alfonso Enriquez, the founder of the Portuguese Monarchy. The little Princess has been called after this ancestress, but the Italians have discovered that "Mafalda" is a Portuguese form of the name and was not used in Italy. Some of them are, therefore, making an outcry over this Portuguese-sounding name, and are declaring that they will call the Princess Matilda, and not Mafalda, which they consider a foreign and not an Italian name.

The Princess's Nurse. The nurse who has been chosen for the baby Princess is a strapping young Roman peasant, called Vincenzina Stirpe, who is twenty-four years of age and the wife of a gamekeeper. She was to have been the nurse of the Princess Yolanda, but the dates did not fit in conveniently. Vincenzina is very like Queen Helena, with the same large dark eyes and splendid blue-black hair. Unlike the nurse of Princess Yolanda, she is by no means shy in the presence of the King, but chats away with all the familiar courtesy which is so charming a trait in the peasant woman of the Romagna.

The Duke of Brunswick's Will. For years past the will of the late Duke of Brunswick has been disputed in the Law Courts. The Duke left the bulk of his large fortune to the City of Geneva, but his will was disputed by his heirs, and now, at last, the Brunswick Law Courts have given judgment in favour of the Comte de Civry, who claimed the succession. The further hearing of the case has been adjourned to Dec. 18, but before that date it is expected that the parties interested will have come to an amicable arrangement in the matter.

A Soldier's Wedding. To-morrow, Colonel A. E. Dalzell, commanding the 1st Battalion of the Oxfordshire Regiment, who has recently returned from nearly three years at "the Front" in South Africa, will marry Miss Muriel Knatchbull at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Colonel Dalzell, who is the only brother of the present Earl of Carnwath, was given the "C.B." for his services in the Orange River Colony, and is well known as a brilliant officer. The bride is the second daughter of Colonel Norton Knatchbull, an old Crimean and Mutiny veteran, whose exploit in the capture of two guns at the taking of Gwalior in 1858 is well remembered by those of his brother officers who still survive.

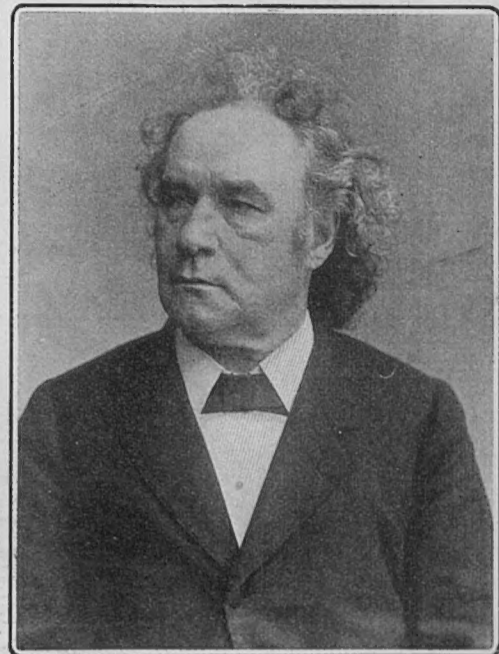


THE CITY TEMPLE.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

The late Dr. Parker. The news of Dr. Joseph Parker's death, which occurred at his residence at Hampstead on Friday of last week, was received with general regret, for though all have not, of course, agreed with the great orator's views and methods, such evident earnestness can only command respect.

Dr. Parker has, somewhat unkindly, been termed a Barnum of the pulpit, but, however dramatic oratory may be, its power for good is undeniable, and it has served, as so much preaching lamentably fails to do, to draw to public worship many who would not otherwise attend. Born as far back as April 1830, Dr. Parker became Independent Minister at Banbury, Oxon, at three-and-twenty, and Pastor at the City Temple, with which he has ever since been so intimately associated, in 1869. Like most, if not all, men of genius, he has shown an eccentricity, but eccentricity that endeared him to his friends rather than alienated them from him. His reply, when asked how it was that he accepted payment for his labours, has become almost historic. "If," he said, in effect, "you will arrange for the Lord to pay the bills of my butcher, my baker, my laundress, and the rest, I will cheerfully give my services without fee. Meantime, I am but a man, and must live"—a modern justification of "They which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." In 1886, Dr. Parker undertook a quickly abandoned lecturing tour in America, under the guidance of Major Pond, who gives an excellent pen-picture of him in his book of reminiscences: "As a speaker, Dr. Parker's manner, though essentially dramatic, is never melodramatic, like that of Dr. Talmage. His intellect, and therefore his voice and style, is that of action—insistent, believing, combative, even aggressive. . . . The small, piercing eyes and peculiar voice hold his audience strongly; even the burr in his tones helps the orator's control."



THE LATE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., OF THE CITY TEMPLE.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

The Health of the Pope. A friend of mine who was presented to the Pope, amongst many other pilgrims, last week (writes my Rome Correspondent) informs me that he was vastly struck with the extraordinary vigour displayed on this occasion by His Holiness. The pilgrims were received by the Pope himself, and several of them had quite a considerable conversation with him. They were all later on addressed collectively by the Pope, whose voice was so strong and clear as to resemble more that of a strong young man of thirty than of an old man of ninety-three. Moreover, when being carried by the priests on his chair to his place in the Cathedral, the Pope actually raised himself on his hands, so as to be better seen and to give his blessing to the pilgrims. His eyes, too, shone quite brightly, and his whole appearance was that of a vigorous, hale man of advanced years, and not at all of an infirm, decrepit, old invalid.

Fregoli in Rome. The great and inimitable Fregoli is giving exhibitions of his prowess in his own native town. In his case the proverb relating to the prophet's reception in his own country cannot be said to be true. The Romans flock in hundreds to see and to admire him. It may be of interest to the general public to know that Fregoli's father is a house-porter in a well-known family in one of the chief streets of Rome. When Fregoli had to serve in the Army, he took part one day in various amateur theatricals given by the officers and soldiers, and his great talent in this direction caught the attention of one of his superiors, who helped him to perfect himself in his special line and financed him to no small extent, so that, in the end, the world was made the richer by one of the most astonishing and interesting artists of the age.

Lord Currie. Many rumours have been current in Rome of late respecting the return or non-return of His Majesty's Ambassador, Lord Currie, to Rome. I am in a position to state that at present His Excellency's health is distinctly better, and, to judge from the interest he is taking in various household and other matters regarding the Embassy in Rome, his return, even if, perhaps, for no very long period of time, is fairly certain.

The Cradle of British Royalty.

Windsor Castle is quite curiously emblematic of our Imperial might, and that our beloved Sovereign agrees with this view is plainly shown by the fact that it is at Windsor that he usually elects to entertain Royal guests of distinction. Queen Victoria was supposed to have a dislike to the Cradle of British Royalty. As a child, she had spent there some depressing days, and she certainly preferred Osborne and Balmoral as country residences; but even Her late Majesty always made a point of spending a considerable portion of each year in the Royal Borough, and during the last forty years that portion of the Castle known as St. George's Chapel has witnessed more illustrious gatherings than has any other Royal religious edifice in Christendom. Probably no palace, with the possible exception of Versailles, has been more often described than has Windsor Castle; many of the treasures it contains are known to every Londoner who is a sightseer, and even the private apartments are often bereft of their choicest paintings in order that these may be seen by frequenters of loan collections and galleries. Needless to say, the inhabitants of Windsor are

particularly charming being the curiously shaped drawing-room, from the windows of which beautiful views can be obtained. Great care has been taken to preserve the rooms inhabited by the great Duke of Wellington as they were in his time.

Chatsworth.

Few of the stately homes of England have been more often described in memoirs and books of inland travel than the Duke of Devonshire's principal seat, Chatsworth. The great pile of buildings stands on the site of an old Tudor mansion where the hapless Mary Queen of Scots made a considerable sojourn, and there is still shown in the park a curious, moated, high-walled enclosure, almost certainly contemporaneous with the older mansion, called "Mary's Bower," and where doubtless the prisoner Queen spent many sad and restless hours. The present house is some two hundred years old, having been the creation of the first Duke of Devonshire. The lover of every art may find something at Chatsworth to please his taste and enchant his fancy. In each room hang pictures interesting to the art-critic or to the historian. The statuary



THE BACK SEAT IS SHELTERED AND THEREFORE MORE SUITABLE FOR LADIES IF NOT DRESSED FOR AUTOMOBILISM.



IF NO CHAUFFEUR BE PRESENT, THE OWNER GETS DOWN AND ASSISTS GUESTS TO ALIGHT.



THE DRIVER ALWAYS GETS INTO THE CAR FIRST.



IF ONE GENTLEMAN AND ONE LADY ARE AT THE BACK, THE GENTLEMAN OPENS TONNEAU DOOR AND THE OWNER IS LAST TO ALIGHT.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE MOTOR.

(SEE "THE MAN ON THE CAR.")

enthusiastically loyal, and they hope ardently that their Majesties will see fit this year to spend Christmas at the Castle.

Walmer Castle.

Walmer Castle is not only one of the most curious and interesting of the ancient strongholds in the kingdom—it was one of the three ocean-fortresses built by Henry VIII.—but it has been the residence of some of the greatest of our great men. Thus, it will always remain in history as having been the favourite home of the first Duke of Wellington and the spot where he chose to die. At the present time, Lord Salisbury holds the proud title of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and it is significant that the ex-Prime Minister, while giving up so many other dignities, has chosen to retain that which gives him the right of making Walmer Castle his residence whenever he chooses to do so. The Castle is situated just a mile from picturesque Deal, and overlooks that stretch of sea-beach where Julius Cæsar, it is believed, landed on the shores of Britain. Walmer has retained a curiously old-world look, the huge round-tower and strong walls still looking much as they must have looked when they had just been completed by order of that mighty potentate, Henry VIII. The interior of Walmer Castle is, to all intents and purposes, a thoroughly comfortable dwelling-house,

is even more famed than is the collection of pictures, and it is said that no house or palace in the kingdom contains finer marbles. Perhaps the most entrancing apartment to modern visitors is the Library, not only one of the finest in the Empire, but also among the oldest and most admirably arranged. The State Rooms, as they are called, are on an upper floor, and open the one into the other. Although fine pieces of sculpture are to be found scattered all over the house, the gems of the collection are gathered together in the Sculpture Gallery, where are to be seen some world-famous marbles. To the lover of Nature the exterior of Chatsworth is as much worthy of notice and praise as is the interior. The estate is famed for its sporting amenities, and scarce a year goes by but the Duke and Duchess entertain Royalty during the shooting season.

Alnwick Castle.

Alnwick Castle, the northern fastness of the Percys, may lay claim with Windsor Castle and the Tower of London to being among the most romantic and historically interesting castles in the kingdom; indeed, to an American a visit to Alnwick should be a liberal education, for the huge mass of castellated building has been little altered during the last six hundred years, and successive Dukes of Northumberland have stored therein

relics of Percys past and present. Turner has left an imperishable view of the Castle; his great work gives a better impression of the extraordinary vastness of the Duke of Northumberland's Border home than does that of any other painter, though many have attempted to



MISS GLADYS SAQUI, OF THE GAITY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

transfer to canvas its noble proportions. The bastions are manned, as they were in days of old, by grim figures hewn in stone, which were supposed to deceive the enemy below the walls.

The Interior of Alnwick Castle.

The interior of Alnwick Castle is extremely splendid, and many of the living-rooms recall the great apartments in an Italian palace, for, in the days when Italy was still the Mecca of the English art-lover, successive owners of Alnwick Castle enriched the mediæval stronghold with paintings, mosaics, and marbles brought from Rome and Florence. The paintings by Italian masters are well worth a special visit, and include the famous Giorgione which was, according to Byron, the most perfect picture in the Manfredi Gallery.

Miss Maie Saqui's Sister.

Conspicuous among the crowd of pretty girls who gather round the principal leading ladies of the Gaiety Company is Miss Gladys Saqui, a sister of Miss Maie Saqui, whom she resembles in a very striking way

Pheasant-rearing and Pheasant-shooting.

When autumn tints prevail and the coverts are carpeted with fallen leaves, shooting-men turn their attention to the pheasants. The season has lately been at its height, and every day one reads of such enormous "bags" being made that, to the uninitiated, it seemed that the unhappy birds were in danger of utter extermination. However, next season will see the preserves as well stocked as ever, for the professional breeder is fully alive to the needs of his clients. If you visit an establishment such as that of Messrs. Dwight, of Berkhamsted, you will see thousands of pheasants running about; these are the stock-birds for next season. On a pheasant farm the eggs are collected daily and a score or so are placed in each nest, to be hatched out by the broody hens who act as foster-mothers. Messrs. Dwight have some five hundred of these nests and a like number of farm-yard fowls to attend to them. The nest-boxes are put out in the coverts and are guarded by night and day, since there are many enemies to be feared, such as foxes, weasels, stoats, hedgehogs, squirrels, and those predaceous birds that are particularly fond of pheasant-eggs. When hatched, the young birds are placed in the open fields, and there they remain till ready for the covert. But it is not only the professional breeders who thus provide for the wants of seasons yet to come, since on almost every large estate in the country not the least of the gamekeepers' duties is the rearing of the young birds. His Majesty has extensive pheasantries at Sandringham, and perhaps nowhere is more intelligent attention given to the matter. The novice is apt to think that the shooting of birds

reared in such a prosaic manner must be sport of the easiest and tamest kind; but this is not by any means the case, for the birds fly at great speed, and a man fresh at the game often finds that, instead of bringing down his bird; he has merely deprived a handsome cock-pheasant of his finest tail-feathers.

Shooting Records. Some interest in shooting records has been aroused by a recent performance of the Prince of Wales, who, during a pheasant-drive, had four dead birds in the air at one time. I believe the record in this direction lies with that remarkable shot and enthusiastic sportsman, Lord de Grey, whose feats with the gun are well-nigh marvellous. His record, I am told, is one bird in front of the Prince of Wales's. The difficulty in these days of pheasant-driving lies entirely in getting the guns changed. So soon as the sportsman has emptied one gun, he hands it to his loader and takes another; a few seconds are lost in the change. With a repeating shot-gun there seems no reason why half-a-dozen dead birds should not be in the air at one time, at a moment when the beaters have flushed a rather large number. On the other hand, most keepers wish to have the birds sent over the guns in a small, regular stream; a flush is a prettier sight, but not nearly so deadly to the birds.

Grouse and Black-game.

Next week the troubles of grouse and black-game come to an end; it is unlawful to shoot them after the 10th of December. In the grouse country now you can see curious sights. The birds have packed—that is to say, the coveys have joined together in immense companies—the male birds are in their winter plumage, and look far larger than they did in August and September. Hard weather has driven them down from the high ground, and where there is a stubble-field waiting for the plough they may be seen in hundreds. Needless to say, they cannot be approached by any legitimate means. If they see danger two or three fields away, they are up and off, flying too high for butts to be available. The method in vogue where a few birds are required for the table is simple but trying. A mound is made, sufficiently high to cover the gunner, and a few sheaves of corn are piled on it. Grouse are very fond of grain at this season, and the sight of it is too much for their prudence.

"An English Daisy."

Miss Hilda Antony, who has just finished a tour with "An English Daisy," may be said to have grown up under the auspices of the Vaudeville Theatre from a beautiful child into a beautiful bud of womanhood. It was as a child that she appeared in "Alice in Wonderland," with



MISS. HILDA ANTONY IN "AN ENGLISH DAISY."

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks. Last year she was one of the fairies and a page in "Blue-Bell," singing and dancing her way merrily through that charming entertainment.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Those Poor Cochers. If there is one man in Paris to-day who puts crape on your thoughts, it is the cabman (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). He looks moist and chastened and generally dumped-down. He accepts any reasonable bargain for a long drive, for he knows that underneath him is the Metropolitan and all round the electric cars. And so he has been brought to his senses. But the poor chap now has a grievance, and a legitimate one. Every by-street in Paris has its café "au rendez-vous des cochers," and there a pleasant hour was spent over the *déjeuner*. The police have decided to give them just a quarter-of-an-hour in which to have their meal and to water their horse. I do not wonder that ominous threats are used.

Another Novelty. In the very highest of the high Society a quaint pleasure has taken root. It consists in influencing either author or manager of a new piece to give places for the ordinary undress rehearsals. The aristocratic recipients take a pleasure in being in a dark, shrouded theatre, but able to see the

'Ware Edward VII. To listen to some of the madcap journals that take themselves seriously, the visit of Mr. Chamberlain to South Africa is the beginning of the end. He will return and fling aside the orchid and sport the rose, and this emblem will be the sign of rally for his followers until he triumphantly becomes the Dictator. But if ever you want to make a Frenchman turn green who loves his France, ask him, which France? Monarchist, Royalist, Socialist, Clericalist, Free Maronist, Anti-Jewish, Atheist, or what particular France?

Achille Robbed. Like everyone else, I turned into the famous library of Achille in the Rue Lafitte to console him over his burglary. He was trying on what he called a "new pair of slippers," for the robbers had taken his favourites, but had left him an older pair. It was no use trying to sympathise with the world-famous librarian, for he was as gay as ever. What a name to conjure with, that of Achille! Gladstone left to him entirely his selection of French works. Randolph Churchill, when he went to



"ON THE BOULEVARDS." DRAWN BY JAMES GREIG.

famous actors and actresses as they are in real life and before the hare's-foot, the grease-box, and the rouge, to say nothing of the gorgeous creations of the Rue de la Paix, have changed them into visions. The Grand Duke Alexis, I believe, started the fashion—at any rate, he was always the chief in these Bohemian gatherings.

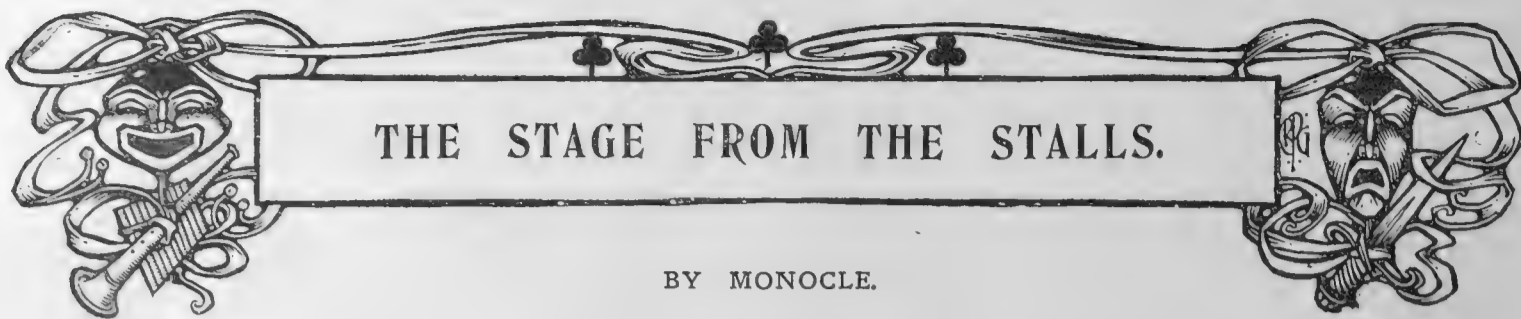
Wanda de Boncza. When the brilliant Comédie-Française actress, Wanda de Boncza, died a few weeks ago, many were the sermons that were preached around her great extravagance, and creditors rushed in to seize anything there was before her body was cold. When her safe at the Crédit Lyonnais was opened this week, it was shown that she was 1,500,000 francs to the good when every debt was paid. This is very satisfactory reading, for the harpies have to pay out of their own pockets the expenses they hurriedly put themselves to.

The Duke of Connaught. It is probably not generally known that the Duke of Connaught has a delightful little *pied-à-terre* at St. Cloud, at the top of the hill, where he spends many week-ends with the Duchess and his children. Would anyone believe that such an important suburban town owns only two policemen? Since the Brussels Anarchist incident I am told by a resident that a third sleepless eye is to be put on for the guard and ward of His Royal Highness's simple Parisian home.

South Africa, commissioned him to fill his library; Sir Charles Dilke has always two evenings occupied in Paris, one to dine with Achille and one to offer his own hospitality. Achille once told me that he took a book to the Empress Eugénie and put on his evening dress-suit, according to French custom, in the afternoon. The Empress smiled sadly and said, "You take all that trouble for a poor old lady like me!"

The Divorce Problem. It seems more than probable that marriage in France will practically be devoid of any responsibility. Over the most trivial disputes, even in the honeymoon, which are possibly the most felt, the irritated parties have only to ask for a divorce and it is all over. The mutual desire for divorce will, in the near future, be all that is required, without the slightest publicity or scandal.

Street-beautifying. The shop-sign decoration exhibition that the Municipal Council of Paris organised is not a particular success. Sign-boards in Paris have died out, as in London. In Paris to-day—and it may be so in London, for all I know—the aim of the fashionable shopkeeper is to have a gorgeous and artistic shop-front. The simple plate-glass frontage is no longer supported. Round the Madeleine Quarter and in the Avenue de l'Opéra you see specimens of superb decorative art. The window is embossed with oak and inlaid with superbly coloured flowers fused into the glass.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"ALT-HEIDELBERG," "MERRIE ENGLAND," "RESURRECTION," AND "IF I WERE KING."

THE German Theatre in London began its fourth season very well. "Alt-Heidelberg," the first play produced at the Great Queen Street Theatre, is not a master-piece—indeed, its "popular" success made one approach it with a little distrust—but it is a clever, agreeable comedy of the fairy-tale character, with some excellent acting-parts, of which great advantage was taken, and an opportunity for giving most entertaining scenes of Heidelberg student life. Perhaps "fairy-tale character" is a misleading phrase and the term "unlifelike" will serve instead. For whilst occasionally, as in the promiscuous handling and caressing of Kate by the students, there is a needless and rather unpleasant degree of accuracy to life, the general scheme of the story of the handsome young Prince who courted the excessively pliant beer-house girl with honourable motives is somewhat out of the realities of life. Still, the story has an agreeable flavour, and one is the more respectful seeing that Herr Meyer-Förster, the author, has done nothing violent at the ending, but causes the Prince to go back to the duties of his position. No doubt, it is all a little extravagant, rather highly coloured, and therefore the better chosen for exportation, particularly to England—possibly, "transportation" is a better word. It was received with great favour, and there seems no doubt about the success of the season.

It is curious that we have no "French Theatre in London"; no doubt, the French colony is smaller than the German, but, on the other hand, far more of us can understand a French play than a German piece, and, of course, we have a great traditional respect for Gallic theatrical art. Up to now, however, most of the French seasons have been on the "star system," with a tail like that of a comet, or most county cricket elevens, and the plays have been "star" plays; whereas the Germans have worked their success on the "all round system." "Alt-Heidelberg" is a case in point. It has no "star" part, and is excellently acted throughout—brilliantly, I think, in some cases. I put in the "I think" because it may be that, after seeing the artists several times, I shall feel less enthusiastic—though, possibly, more. It has been observed that the "one man" show of pictures always increases or diminishes the artist's reputation, and the same is true, to some extent, of acting. One generally changes one's first opinion of a player after seeing him or her in several parts, though this must be taken subject to the fact that one tends to grow tired of a particular performer. Indeed, I lately heard a leading actor complain, half-bitterly, half-humorously, that the constant playgoers had grown tired of him because they knew every sound of his voice, movement of his face, and gesture of his body and limbs, and that the mere novelty of new-comers won for them exaggerated praise.

Certainly, at present, Fräulein Grete Lorma makes me feel enthusiastic, for her acting as Kate was delightful to me in its freshness and piquancy, and I kept wondering which of our players would have been so daringly uncoquettish yet charming, could have given the gaiety of manner and also sudden suggestion of swiftly awakened passion. Herr Andresen was admirably humorous without any exaggeration, and the same may be said of Herr Thurner, but his task was easier; whilst Herr Ziegler was very taking as the young Prince.

It is regrettable to see that the Savoy Company, which has come back home, will only give "Merrie England" for a few weeks, and also to notice that it has slightly lowered the tone of the work by the introduction of some "gags" and an elaborate concerted song and dance about a brass band, which certainly delighted the house, but is a little out of keeping. However, I suppose some concession must be made to a public which battens on the humblest humours of the weakest musical comedies. Indeed, one may even advise concessions, if the general spirit of comic opera is preserved, so that this delightful form of art may be kept alive till the time—if ever—when the reaction comes, and better music, better drama, and better acting, singing, and dancing are demanded than now prove sufficient for success in several popular pieces. The changes in the cast have hardly weakened the Savoy Company, which delivers the lovely, lively music admirably, gives some capitally concerted dancing, and, in the person of Miss Hart-Dyke, presents one of the cleverest and most graceful dancers in London. The gags are given to and by Mr. Passmore, who, nevertheless, deserves very high praise. His delivery of the alphabetical "Romeo and Juliet" is extraordinarily funny, and all his comic singing is full of point. Mr. Lytton, with the finest patriotic song of late years, which he sings admirably, and Mr. Evett, are both in excellent voice, and one can make against Miss Brandram only the complaint that she has too little singing, and her rendering of the beautiful "England" makes one long for more. Miss Louie Pounds and Miss Agnes Fraser form a charming pair of

leading ladies. The piece, in one respect, is curious: many delight in it so much that, like myself, they visit it several times; others seem insensible to the wit of the dialogue, beauty of the music, and excellence of the interpretation, and prefer humbler fare. Yet, whilst Mr. Basil Hood and Mr. German have aimed successfully at producing the work of art, there is not the least trace of pedantry, of attempt to elevate public taste, or of exhibition of learning or skill save for the purpose of giving pleasure even to the most unaustere playgoer.

It is curious that I should have written last week a few words in this column as to the Parisian system of not taking young girls to certain theatres; and that it is now suggested that Mr. Beerbohm Tree will offer his production of "Resurrection" for grown-up people only. It is difficult to see how far an effort to emancipate drama from the bonds imposed by consideration for the innocence of sweet seventeen can be effective. Presumably, Mr. Beerbohm Tree would hardly prevent the entrance of young ladies unfurnished with certificates of marriage or attainment of suitable age, and not very likely that the young daughters of Eve would submit tamely to family prohibition. The French *jeune fille à marier* is under such severe control that rebellion is out of the question. A maiden not permitted to look at the newspapers, only allowed to read carefully selected novels, and never out of doors without a formidable escort, has no chance of revolt, and it is an old joke that one of the arguments used to induce her to accept the hand of a comparative stranger is that marriage will enable her to gratify an intense desire to see the Palais-Royal plays in their native home. Marriage is real emancipation for her. The English and the American girl stand in a very different position, and Mr. Tree's action will cause a fearful amount of family quarrelling. Society is not strong enough to taboo the girls who will insist upon visiting the piece; some, no doubt, will stay away, and I suspect that the effect on those who go will be no greater than that of the famous curse on the jackdaw of the French city commonly pronounced by us in a fashion that causes the foreigner to fail to guess what place we are speaking of.

Moreover, Mr. Tree will find a lion in his path—perhaps "lion" is a rather ill-chosen term for the Censor, who, however, will doubtless put on lion's skin in the matter. Tolstoi as farce or musical comedy can hardly be in the mind of the Manager of His Majesty's; but the Great Panjandrum of British drama is terribly squeamish except when dealing with works of such class. A version of "Resurrection" in which the affair between Nechudoff and Mashlova is treated as a flirtation and her degradation is to nothing naughtier than a position in a manicurist's would, of course, fulfil the traditions of serious drama as permitted by officialdom, yet render us a little too ridiculous in Europe—if we can be more ridiculous than the "Monna Vanna" incident made us. On the other hand, there seems no ground for supposing that Mr. Tree will be allowed to treat serious matters seriously. To admit in drama—as opposed to farce or musical comedy—the existence of such places as "La Maison Tellier" would be to run the risk of our having a modern national drama which might have an influence on human life and thought, and, worse still, a beneficial influence. Obviously, such a thing could hardly be permitted in the only department of art where thought is not free. The dramatist may get a licence to be licentious, but not liberty to be a moralist. So, probably, even if Mr. Beerbohm Tree perseveres in the intention ascribed to him by the *Daily Telegraph*, he will in the end find that he is playing mountain and mouse, and the "grown-ups" will be so disgusted at not being shocked that they will trot off to the musical pieces, and sweet seventeen will be demanding her money back and talking about false pretences. It is sad to think and write this, because it is impossible to deny that the theatre might be a power in the land for good, and not a mere vehicle for frivolous amusement and empty entertainment.

Some if not servile attention has been paid to the critics' views about "If I were King," which has now passed its hundredth performance and goes far better than at first—indeed, so much better that it is likely to last long. Without prejudice to my views about the treatment of Villon—I should like to have heard his views in his violent French on the subject—I may say that a second visit reveals unsuspected qualities, partly, perhaps, because the performance has much improved. Mr. Alexander, for instance, unaffected by the first-night troubles of an actor-manager—and who can overrate them?—gives the note of ease and gaiety originally wanted in his Villon, and makes it gallant and picturesque enough for everyone. Miss Julie Opp has increased the passion of her work, and, indeed, it may be said that all are better than they were and yet originally gave satisfaction.



MISS IDA LYTTON (DAUGHTER OF MR. HENRY LYTTON),
WHO WILL SHORTLY MAKE HER THEATRICAL DÉBUT.

Photographed for "The Sketch."

MRS. MARY ST. LEGER HARRISON, THE FAMOUS AUTHORESS

WHO IS KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC BY HER PEN-NAME, "LUCAS MALET."

COMPARISONS are always odious, and it is assuredly difficult to apportion to any living worker his or her proper place in the world of Art. In spite of this, however, Mrs. Harrison must, by now, be quite used to seeing the name of "Lucas Malet" placed amongst the first few of the women writers in England. Considerations of sex are bound to prevail, even in the world of Art, in which they are supposed to have no place or existence, Art being, or being supposed to be, sexless. Even accepting that dictum, Mrs. Harrison would have little to fear for her prestige, as her admirers claim for her consideration by the side of the half-dozen other great novelists we possess.

Nor can this claim be denied, even by those who have adversely criticised, for this reason or for that, "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," for everyone has acknowledged, has been bound to acknowledge, if he knows anything of the laws and conditions which govern the novelist's art, that it is wrought with that extraordinary insight into human nature which is the first essential of really great work.

Only a little while ago, a certain writer brought the charge against modern work that it was done in such a hurry that it could not have those elements of artistry which were possessed by the old writers who evolved their stories with deliberation and care. Whether Time has anything to do with artistry or not is too large a question to be argued here. The fact remains that "Sir Richard Calmady" was thirteen years in the writing, for it was begun in 1888, even before "The Wages of Sin," which was given to the public ten years previously. Indeed, Sir Richard and Lady Calmady are among the characters introduced into "The Wages of Sin," not as mere sketches only, but as carefully drawn pictures, a fact which shows how deeply imbued their author was even then with them, their characteristics, and their history.

During all those long thirteen years "Sir Richard" was written and re-written again and again in places to satisfy the self-criticism of the author, who spares nothing, not even health, in perfecting her work. A labour of love though that work is, it is a labour all the same, for every line is written by Mrs. Harrison's own hand. There is always a great and quite understandable desire on the part of the public to have the veil withdrawn from the working life of those whom it admires. Novel-readers will, therefore, be interested in knowing that Mrs. Harrison works in the morning from half-past ten till half-past one. Sometimes, when she is very driven by an inward urge, or is anxious to get certain episodes written, she will write again from half-past five till seven. That, however, is not often, for her three hours in the morning have used up a good deal of vitality. She never works at night, for, though she believes night-work may be more brilliant, it does not bear critical examination in the same way as that done "in the cool and sad morning." In Mrs. Harrison's library there are no evidences of fads or faddism, for she is "tiresomely tidy," as she was once heard to describe herself. The table at which she works is an old walnut one which belonged to her grandmother on her father's side. On it there are, it is true, in addition to the usual "furnishings" of a writing-table, one or two fetishes which it pleases her woman's fancy to always have with her. One of these is a beautifully carved representation of a mummy which was found in a mummy-case and was originally presented by Sir Roderick Murchison to her aunt, Mrs. Froude, the wife of the historian; while another is a hideous ivory ornament which was given to her by a curiosity dealer from whom she had made many purchases. At one time, too, Mrs. Harrison kept birds, and a pet Java sparrow used always to stand on the table when she was writing; but it has gone the way of all Java sparrows, and no successor fills its place. The only pets Mrs. Harrison has to-day are cats. Perhaps the reason is that they appeal to her artistic sense, for she has been heard to declare,

with an exquisite sense of humour in her voice, that "dogs have too much conscience" to be kept in the house.

In her library may be seen two chairs which belonged to her father, Charles Kingsley, one of them being that in which he sat to write "Westward Ho!" and the other books which made his fame and will preserve it to succeeding generations. Over her writing-table, too, Mrs. Harrison treasures a print of the finest portrait ever painted of her father, of whose work it need hardly be said that, as an artificer in words herself, she has a profound admiration.

In a bookcase there are preserved, bound, all the manuscripts of her novels, written in the clear, rather straight up-and-down characters which make her calligraphy so distinctive. Two only were ever type-written. The others went in to the printer just as they were written—a wonderful manuscript, with scarcely a word erased or changed, and the finger-marks of the compositor may still be seen on the pages of white foolscap.

While Mrs. Harrison works out her books so slowly, they are revealed to her almost in a flash, even the names, the places in which the scenes are laid, and the people being shown to her as if a curtain were withdrawn and she saw the men and women living out their lives before her like the characters in a play. Thus, the new book which she has begun came to her in three hours, and, though there may be, and are, things which will, need filling in, the scheme will not change, for the main lines of her other books were never changed after they had once been conceived.

The people who contend that characters must be drawn from real life will receive a rude shock when they learn that this great crafts-woman has hardly ever drawn a character from life, regarding it, as she once said, as "profoundly inartistic and"—with a sudden flash of humour—"very rude." One exception was the doctor in "The Gateless Barrier," and he had previously been used very badly by another writer. When he saw the result in Lucas Malet's book, he was intensely pleased, as well he might be.

Mrs. Harrison, by the way, writes her novels straight through, beginning with the first line of the first chapter, and rarely doing pet scenes or episodes first; and, though she sometimes may make a scenario, her general rule is merely to put down the head of each chapter, for she knows exactly what it will contain and how far

each division of the story will carry her on her way to the given end she has set for herself.

Sketch readers will, no doubt, be interested in knowing whence Mrs. Harrison derived the pen-name she has made so famous. The "Lucas" was from her father's mother, who was Miss Mary Lucas, and after her, by the way, Mrs. Harrison was christened Mary; while a great-great-aunt was Mrs. Alice Malet. They were the wits of the family, and it is from them that Mrs. Harrison derives her bias towards letters, for her mother's people, who supplied the Irish and Cornish elements which make for the humour and *espèglerie* of the writer, were financiers and merchants. Perhaps, in the use of the two surnames, Mrs. Harrison ought to have called herself "Malet Lucas," but the musical sense compelled their inversion. The reason for the use of a pseudonym was found in part, at least, in the writer's modest desire not to use her father's name before she had done something on her own account; while, having married a clergyman, she recognised the difficulty of a clergyman's wife, as such, speaking her mind on important questions without offending the views of too susceptible members of the community in which she moved. Another fact which probably weighed with her is, as she has been heard to say, that she really does believe that it is pleasanter in these days for a woman to have a pen-name, the reason being that she can keep her private life to a certain extent separate from her public career—a consummation devoutly to be wished, but rarely to be realised.



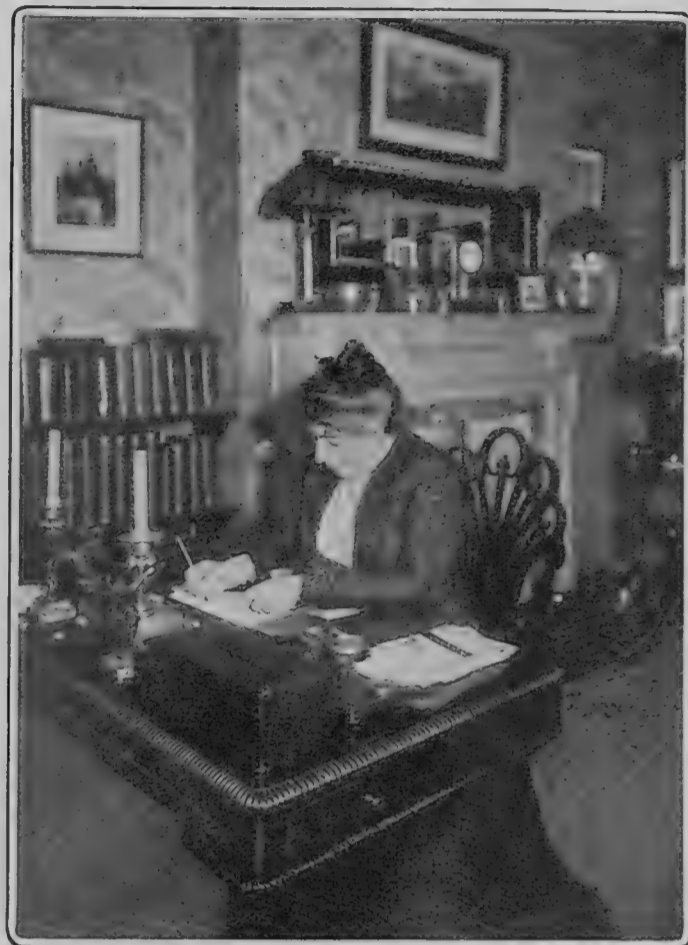
MRS. HARRISON OUTSIDE HER HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXIV.—"LUCAS MALET."



"THIS IS THE COMPLETE MANUSCRIPT OF 'SIR RICHARD CALMADY.'"



"I DO MOST OF MY WORK AT THIS TABLE."

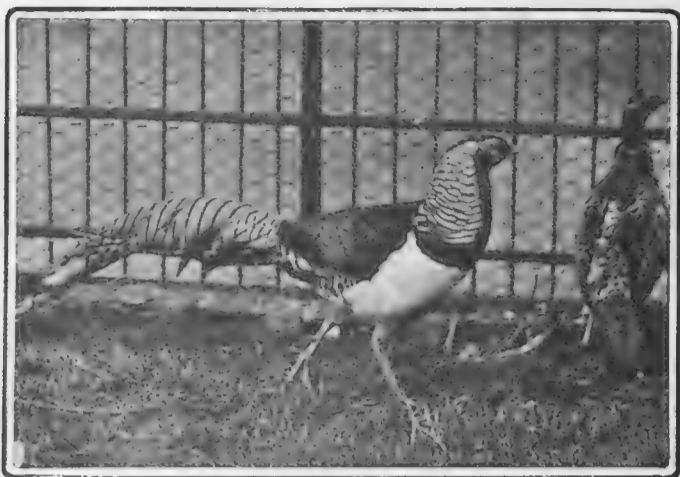


"PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOME OF MY OLD SILVER."



"THESE ARE KIPLING'S 'JUST SO STORIES.' I ADMIRE THEM IMMENSELY."

PHEASANT-REARING AND PHEASANT-SHOOTING.



A PHEASANT FARM: A PAIR OF FINE BIRDS.



A PHEASANT FARM: STOCK BIRDS FOR NEXT SEASON



BRACKEN IN THE COVERTS: HERE THE BIRDS HIDE UNTIL DRIVEN OUT BY THE BEATERS.



PHEASANT-SHOOTING: THE BEATERS DRIVING OUT BIRDS.



A WARM CORNER.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

A DAY WITH THE GRAFTON FOXHOUNDS.



MR. FRANK BROOKS AND HIS INDIAN PORTRAITS.

ALTHOUGH "all the world" knows that a great Durbar is shortly to be held at Delhi with much pomp and magnificence, in honour of the King's Coronation, it is surprising how few people know what this peculiarly Indian institution really is. The accompanying photograph of the Durbar Hall erected at Rajkot, Bombay, to commemorate the late Queen's Jubilee, will best describe the interior of one of these halls. The chair on the raised dais is for the Political Agent, as the King's representative; the others are for the Dewans, or representatives of the princely rulers of the various States.

About these latter there is no one more fitted to speak than Mr. Frank Brooks, the talented and well-known portrait-painter, who in 1892 went out to India to execute the entirely unique commission of painting the portraits of thirty-two of the Princes of Kattiawar for hanging in this hall. It was not his first visit to India, as in 1887, on the invitation of H.H. the Thakore Sahib of Gondal, whose portrait he had painted twice, he had gone out to India to paint the portraits of his two wives and children. This proved an interesting and unique task; neither of the ladies had left "purdah." One he painted in the hitherto jealously guarded seclusion of her own room, while the other, less bashfully shy, occupied a seat in the studio. The children were painted in a natural group. These portraits so delighted the Thakore Sahib that he had three more done of himself, one for the Rajkumar (Sons of Chiefs) College at Rajkot (for which Mr. Brooks later painted portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught by Royal Command), one for the Deccan College at Poona, in which he was arrayed in his Oxford D.C.L. robes, and one for the Indian Institute at Oxford. Commissions from other Indian Princes followed, and it was some months before Mr. Brooks was able to return to England.

It was in 1892 that he received the commission which is of such interest at the present moment. It came through Sir Charles Ollivant, the then Political Agent of Kattiawar, asking him to paint the portraits of the Princes for the Hall. In company with Mrs. Brooks, he again went out, his visit this time lasting close on three years. Many were the experiences and adventures he had, and much did he learn of the inner life of these great Indian potentates. The portraits reproduced are four of those painted by Mr. Brooks on this occasion for the Hall. They are all Chiefs of the first or second class, and will, without doubt, be present at the forthcoming Delhi Durbar.

His Highness the Nawab of Junaghadh is represented in Durbar dress, holding a Delhi Durbar sword. On the band across his chest is

one of the finest emeralds in the world. He is the ruler of one of the richest States in Kattiawar, in which are situated the celebrated Gurnad Mountains, famed amongst hunters of big game. Between the sittings this Prince amused Mr. and Mrs. Brooks with kite-flying.

His Highness the Thakore of Morvi, K.C.I.E., has his hand on a Delhi Durbar sword. He is a remarkably well-educated man, a great traveller, good conversationalist, and a clever and deep thinker. A point noticed by Mr. Brooks during his stay in the Palace was his deep devotion towards his son. In most high-caste Indian families, the son is not allowed to speak or address his father by name in his presence; but here father and son were on the most affectionate terms.

His Highness the Thakore Sahib of Limri, K.C.I.E., is wearing a velvet jacket elaborately embroidered with gold. In the background is shown a part of the Durbar Hall, Limri. This Prince was one of the Chiefs over for the Jubilee of 1887. He was partly educated in England, and has travelled all round the world. He has very deep and true ideas on the subject of religion, and on return to his own State is always "redeemed" back again into his own caste. He dresses very simply and lives like a priest. He has eight wives, is adored by his people, and is most courtly and polite to his guests.

His Highness the Thakore Sahib of Wadhwan is shown wearing a red and gold pugree with a remarkable diamond ornament in the centre. By a clever clockwork arrangement, the diamonds are always moving, their scintillations making a blaze of light. He is a most enlightened man, and was so much struck, when on a visit to England, with the way in which English girls were educated

that he took an English governess back to India with him to carry on the education of his only daughter.

He had just recovered from a severe illness when Mr. and Mrs. Brooks arrived, and there were great rejoicings in the State over his recovery. His kindly relations with his people may be judged from the fact that he was standing on a balcony when they first saw him, giving away huge baskets of sweetmeats to children.

Although Mr. Brooks has had a large and varied experience in portrait-painting—his work taking him to Berlin, where two years ago he was painting the portraits of Sir Frank Lascelles for the British Embassy, Lord and Lady Gough, and others; to Guernsey, for a series of important portraits; to Ireland, where he is now engaged on portraits of Lord Drogheda and others; and to many other parts of the world—he considers his Indian experiences as among the most pleasant of his life and work.



MR. FRANK BROOKS.
Photograph by E. Bieber, Berlin.



A TYPICAL DURBAR HALL: INTERIOR OF THE DURBAR HALL, RAJKOT.

PORTRAITS OF INDIAN PRINCES IN THE DURBAR HALL AT RAJKOT.

THIS HALL WAS BUILT IN 1887 IN COMMEMORATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.



H.H. THE THAKORE SAHIB OF WADHWAN.



H.H. THE THAKORE SAHIB OF MORVI, K.C.I.E.



H.H. THE THAKORE SAHIB OF LIMRI, K.C.I.E.



H.H. THE NAWAB OF JUNAGADH.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD has at length published his long-expected new book. It contains three stories, or rather, sea-studies. "Youth," which gives the title to the work, is by far the most striking. It is a wonderful piece of writing, equal in intensity of power to the finest scenes in "Lord Jim," a book which lives in memory as one of the big things in contemporary literature. There is no story to speak of—it is just the history of a commonplace, everyday ocean tragedy, of storm and wreck, of disaster dogging skipper and ship to doom—but it grips, it holds; over each page lies the glamour of the sea, the good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that whispers at you, roars at you, and knocks the breath out of you. You may hate, loathe, fear the sea, but no Englishman can ever escape its fascination. And the fascination of the sea—the sea itself is in these pages. As you read, you can feel the salt wind in your face; you can taste, hear, smell, feel, breathe the sea. Around you is the howl of the wind, the tumult of the sea, the noise of many waters. You are physically tired as you turn the last page. You have been fighting the sea.

The style of "Youth" is a thing apart in the fiction of the moment. There is no straining after effect, no apparent attempt at phrase-making, no elaborate word-pictures. The tale is told in easy, conversational manner—in jerky, spasmodic sentences. You can see and hear the narrator. He is talking, just talking, and you are listening. It sounds easy enough, this kind of superior reporting, but many a practised writer has failed utterly in attempting it. Mr. Conrad has triumphed. He has adopted the quiet manner which is so effective because it does not strive for effect. I have no doubt—indeed, I am convinced—that every word has been deeply pondered, weighed, and balanced to a nicety, but there is none of that reek of the lamp which ruins most sea-narratives. The book smells of the sea and only of the sea. Mr. Conrad's triumph is that his great art is hidden in a great simplicity.

Another sea-book, of a very different character, it is true, but in some ways equally attractive, is "Round the Horn Before the Mast," by Basil Lubbock. This is one of the briskest, briniest, breeziest books I have come across for a long time. Mr. Lubbock's narrative is so utterly unconventional, so delightfully outspoken, that one fairly gasps at times at his audacity and frankness. And one certainly admires immensely his pluck, his inexhaustible good spirits, his immense joy in living. He had been several months in Klondyke, and while in 'Frisco he decided to sail before the mast "and witness real sea-life in all its dangers and hardships." And so he shipped home round the Horn in a wind-jammer, and certainly had a full share of the dangers and hardship of the sea, for he rounded the Horn in the "worst blow and biggest sea" the Captain had ever experienced. It was a rough time with a vengeance—

The half-deck is in a fearful state, and still inches deep in water. Up above, hanging on lines suspended from bunk to bunk, are wet socks, shirts, caps, mits, overalls, coats, mufflers, oilskins, rubbers, &c., and every spare corner is crowded with sea-boots hung upside down to let the water drain out of them.

The chests and my big hunting kit-bag we have jammed up in one corner, and lashed them so that they cannot carry away and break anybody's leg as the ship rolls.

Backwards and forwards across the floor wash trousers, shirts, hair-brushes, matches, socks, books, papers, pieces of sodden hard-tack, chunks of salt junk like bits of wood, shoes, caps, belts, swabs, bits of soap, and every kind of derelict.

Let me advise everyone in search of a lively, entertaining, winter-evening book to get hold of a copy of "Round the Horn Before the Mast." The volume is a feast of good things. Here is a short extract from one of the early pages by way of a *hors d'œuvre*—

I once shared a canvas bunk for a fortnight with a man who had a reputation of having killed twelve men. One would have thought that a man like this would have been an interesting companion to yarn with; but not a bit of it. He only had two ideas in his head—one was whisky, and the other whittling wood.

He was a silent man, very slow of speech, but quick enough with a six-shooter; as harmless and quiet as a prairie-dog except when he had a skinful of "nose-paint," on which occasions he was like a busted volcano or a wounded grizzly, a-raging and tearing around something sinful to see, and a scandal to a quiet neighbourhood.

Mr. Sidney Whitman's personal reminiscences of Prince Bismarck is the best Bismarck book ever written. It is, indeed, one of the most interesting and valuable biographical works of the season. Mr. Whitman, who had many opportunities of personal intercourse with the Iron Chancellor, gives a particularly pleasing account of Bismarck's personality. That he idealises and idolises to some extent is clear enough, but I should say that, if you could produce a composite portrait by Whitman and Busch, you might approach fairly closely to actuality. Certain it is that Bismarck was not by any means the coarse, violent, brutal figure of our English caricatures. You have only to read his letters to his wife—a volume which, by the way, has been strangely neglected, although it is one of the real historical human documents of the century—to discover a pleasing and attractive side of his nature.

Mr. Whitman's book is full of good stories. It throws, too, some interesting light upon the political history of the German Empire. The outstanding impression it leaves upon one is that, in spite of all that has been said, Bismarck was a gentleman, a man of far greater moderation and refinement than most of us had suspected. A passionate man, it is true, but a man of exceedingly sensitive and nervous disposition, and, above all, a very sad man, taking life hardly, weighed down with the burden of his responsibilities even in the days of his mightiest success. We English have hated Bismarck fiercely, and we have had cause. And we have hated his memory, too, and for that the indiscretions of Busch are, perhaps, somewhat to blame. But it is time that we should look upon one of the greatest figures of the century calmly and dispassionately. Mr. Whitman's picture, pathetic and appealing, is not the whole Bismarck, but it is the better part of Bismarck, a part to which we have been slow enough to do any kind of justice.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have issued, in one volume, Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion." This little book is charmingly illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

From Mr. John Lane comes a well-printed edition of "The Ingoldsby Legends," illustrated by Herbert Cole. The price of the volume is six shillings.

Messrs. Wells, Gardner, and Co. have issued, in one volume, Thackeray's "History of Samuel Titmarsh" and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," with illustrations by Hugh Thomson. The price of this very dainty book is three shillings, o. o.



STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.

I.—"SWEET SEVENTEEN."

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"ROCHESTER AND OTHER LITERARY RAKES."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF SIR KENELM DIGBY."
(Longmans, 16s.)

The undeniable fascination of an accomplished rascal's personality makes it a *sine qua non* that, if his memoirs are written at all, they should be written well. A mere collection of more or less amusing anecdotes paraphrased from original accounts, thus robbed of their piquancy, is the last vehicle in the world to convey the portraits of Rochester and his fellow rakes. But this, unfortunately, is just the method of the anonymous author of the volume under consideration. Nor does the fanciful Introduction, wherein the writer sets forth the circumstances that inspired him to his work, possess that verisimilitude which alone renders such prefaces charming. Scott achieved it in the wonderful Episode which leads up to "Quentin Durward," but our present author's day-dream in a Jacobean country-house, wherein he re-creates Rochester and other literary rakes of the Court of Charles II., might very well have been dispensed with. He is far more engaging when he comes to sketch the life and pranks of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, with side-lights on Buckingham, St. Evremonde, Davenant, Killigrew, Sedley, and the rest of that precious crew who made sport for the "Merry Monarch." One merit the book does indeed possess. It contrives, without the least malice, to set Rochester down in his proper light—as an unmitigated blackguard and heartless scoundrel. Whatever his talents and charm, his villainy, and very unsavoury villainy at that, outweighs them completely. The adventures, of course, make good enough reading, but not so good as we can find for ourselves in Grammont's and other Memoirs of the period, from which all the plums have been borrowed. For one curious incongruity—the intrusion into this gallery of literary rakes of the prudish and would-be literary Duke and Duchess of Newcastle—the author apologises in a happy phrase which in a measure describes his performance. He knows that their Graces are out of place, but trusts that their history may prove to the reader an oasis in "this wilderness of unedifying pages."

"THE DISENTANGLERS."

BY ANDREW LANG.
(Longmans, 6s.)

To Mr. Andrew Lang's Protean performances in literature there is no end. The elegant translator, the erudite exponent of the Homeric question, the painstaking folk-lorist, historian, occasional poet, novelist, collaborator, leader-writer, and critic in a large way of business, has once more set his hand to fiction, and with a very different result from that attained in the quiet pages of "A Monk of Fife" or the mildly exciting "Parson Kelly." In "The Disentanklers" we have the apotheosis of the detective-story, with, as Mr. Lang's Canadian millionaire would say, "every modern improvement," divorced, too, from "all that cheap revolver business," to quote the hero and Disentangler-in-Chief. This admirable personage, to wit, Mr. Thomas Merton, and his old college chum, Robert Logan, heir (without expectations) to the miserly Marquis of Restalrig, finding themselves stranded in St. James's without visible means of subsistence, establish a confidential bureau for the disentangling of hapless lovers from engagements of which they or their families cannot approve. Some inkling of the delightful situations evolved may be obtained when it is hinted that, in "The Adventure of the Fair American," Mr. Lang introduces us to a distressed damsel, Melissa McCabe, whose late father had, in the interests of education, founded a Freak Museum in the States, ordaining in his trust-deed that the hand of his daughter should be the prize of the man of science (duly approved by said trust) who should bring to the institution, alive, the queerest specimen of animal, higher or lower. Here Mr. Lang revels in folk-lore and mystic psychology to his heart's content, and makes our hair stand on end with the awful and true tale of the Berbalangs (*vide the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Part III., No. 1, 1896; Baptist Mission Press, Calcutta, 1897, &c.*). Nor are the author's other sports and pastimes neglected, for the Gowrie Conspiracy has its innings in due course, when Mr. Logan's kinsman, the Marquis, last of the Restalrigs, comes on the stage habited like a Scottish peasant at a funeral, and talking of his acquisitive and camstair ancestors in a Doric that is music to the ears of true Caledonians. "He talked," says the ingenious Mr. Merton, "like all the kailyards"; but, then, Mr. Merton had the disadvantage of being a Southron. For all that, the Disentangler himself, for professional ends, mastered Lothian Scots in a single afternoon, which except a man believe, he cannot fully enjoy "The Adventure of the Miserly Marquis." Apart from the excellent construction and swing of the stories, there is endless fun in the sly digs at literature, modern and ancient—at the penny novelette, the British Museum girl, and the Celtic minor poet, innocent of Gaelic but always paragraphed as "going to begin to learn it." Homer is remembered in a parody during the banquet-scene, when "cigarettes had replaced the desire of eating and drinking." We recall, too, with affection the Stinks don who had no business in All Souls. An occasional touch

verso calamo (that is, with blue pencil) would have saved us certain recurring explanations, which answered well enough, month by month, in *Longman's*, but are a little tedious and unnecessary in the volume. And the Disentangler's typewriter, Miss Blossom, who gets married in the very first adventure, makes puzzling reappearances, still unwed, in succeeding stories. But perhaps there was a long engagement.

"MOTH AND RUST."

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY.
(Murray, 6s.)

It is a little disappointing to find, after so long an interval, that Miss Mary Cholmondeley's new book is not a complete novel. The three stories in the volume, however, are distinctly powerful and original, their chief characteristic being their dramatic intensity. Even in "Moth and Rust," to which, perhaps, this comment applies less than to the other two, there are extremely vivid incidents, and they give you no sense of laborious preparation on the part of the author. One is not conscious of any padding. The story practically resolves itself into a study in contrasts—on the one hand, the well-trained Society woman, taught from the earliest age to hide her emotions, and on the other, the absolutely uncultivated girl, lacking even an education in the ordinary ways of the world, but strong in the power of her great beauty. Janet's elemental, primitive nature, with its dogged adherence to a rugged code, is admirably suggested. "Moth and Rust" is essentially a story of compromises, for, with the exception of Anne, most of the characters have perforce to be content with life's second-best, and even Anne attains her haven only after much tribulation. Although one would have said that conflagrations in fiction had been treated *ad nauseam*, it has remained for Miss Cholmondeley to show what splendid use she can make of such material, for her description of the havoc wrought by fire in a burnt-out flat presents an entirely new picture, which recalls Balzac in its minuteness of detail. Even this short quotation will give an idea of the graphic style: "The blackened semblance of a room was still there, but shrunk like a mummy and ready to crumble at a touch. The chest of drawers, the bed, were still in outline, but all ashes. On pegs on the wall hung ghosts of gowns and hats, as if drawn in soot. On the chest of drawers stood the effigy of a bedroom candlestick, with the extinguisher over it." "Geoffrey's Wife" can boast of almost every attribute a short story should possess—originality of thought, skilful treatment, conciseness, dramatic power; it is lacking in none of these, but its very cleverness merits the greater blame. There is a point in fiction at which realism should halt, and here it has distinctly overshot the mark. The sketch is extremely powerful, but it is not profitable reading. Above all is to be deprecated the italicising (which occurs more than once) of striking sentences. Surely the crisis is impressive enough without such fictitious aids from the printer, which tend to create a tawdry, sensational atmosphere. In "The Pitfall," Miss Cholmondeley's gift of characterisation is again proved by her able study of a narrow woman who is good according to a conventional code, and yet who sins against the simplest laws of human fellowship. The author should beware of the insidious habit that perpetually causes her to give her sentences an interrogative turn. In rare cases it undoubtedly lends emphasis, but it is likely to prove extremely detrimental to a literary style.

"THE KING'S AGENT."

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.
(Heinemann, 6s.)

The King's Agent whose curious and unenviable profession gives Mr. Paterson the title for his latest novel is Karl Brownker, a very Machiavelli; one of those fascinating personages who are invariably able to forestall the would-be informant; the spinner of an all-enclosing web; one who, as Lord Nottingham aptly has it, sits in the pocket of the King; and one who is constantly proving, to the physical and mental discomfort of those concerned, that "to argue with a King's Agent is but a thought less dangerous than arguing with a King." John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, however, is in reality the chief personage and the chief interest of the book, the production of which, indeed, the author ascribes to Lord Wolseley's great work on the famous General and Diplomatist. As the hero of Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Ramillies, and the rest, Marlborough has figured frequently in fiction, but as schemer and courtier—terms too often synonymous—he has but seldom passed the covers of the history-book. Mr. Paterson has remedied the fault, and gives a pen-picture of him that is instinct with life and has the great merit of conforming to fact. Beside it, Isabel Fretchville, the Duchess, William III., Robert Young, Hugh Montgomery the ingenuous, and even Karl Brownker the ingenious, though painted vividly enough, pale into comparative insignificance; Marlborough is always the dominating figure. As a story, "The King's Agent" is neither better nor worse than its kind. It is not to be approached in a carping spirit if enjoyment is to result, but, read at the proper time and in the proper mood—as, in truth, must every book, be it grave or gay—it will assuredly give entertainment.



AT A SKATING CARNIVAL: "THE ICE GIRL."

THE SEVEN AGES OF A DUTCHMAN.

BY TOM BROWNE.



VI. "THE SIXTH AGE SHIFTS INTO THE LEAN AND SLIPPED PANTALON."

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

LADY SYLVIA'S VOCATION.

By ESTELLE BURNEY.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



CONSTERNATION reigned in the hearts of the Earl and Countess of Balham when, towards the close of her first London season, their eighteen-year-old girl, Sylvia, announced her intention of going to live in the East-End and devoting herself thenceforward to the regeneration of the Submerged Tenth, or so many of them as belonged to the Parish of St. Mark's, E.

Now it chanced that on two occasions in the May of that year the Vicar of St. Mark's had exchanged duty with the fashionable incumbent of the West-End church sacred to the devotions of the Haigh family when in town, and Lord and Lady Balham had much appreciated the young clergyman's eloquence and had responded to his passionate appeal on behalf of his own poverty-stricken flock with liberal contributions. Lady Balham, indeed, had talked of St. Paul, and, having ascertained that the Rev. John Masters was sufficiently well born to know, had asked him to dinner, and he had come, making, on closer acquaintance, a very favourable impression. He was, perhaps, a thought too much in earnest for daily use, but his hosts were indulgent, and listened with well-bred attention, and even some show of interest, to his eager schemes for the rescue of the denizens of Mean Streets, his glowing accounts of Cricket Clubs and social evenings organised for these people, whom he positively seemed to love and for whom he was not at all inclined to be apologetic. It was all most interesting, really; but that Sylvia, kindling to enthusiasm, should incontinently desire to form one of the band of devoted fellow-workers of both sexes the Reverend John had gathered round him was rather more than her parents had bargained for, and it was in vain they invoked an authority they had too long left in abeyance: their wilful daughter knew her power and met their remonstrances with a firmness they could envy but might not hope to emulate.

To the East-End she must and would go, and not as an occasional visitor, but as a worker, responding to the call of an irresistible vocation, for poor Lady Balham, bent on compromise, had suggested (though she knew as well as anyone how entirely exhausted are the joys of slumming as a Society pastime) that Sylvia, reviving the fashion of a decade ago, should find vent for her humanitarian feelings in singing pretty little ballads now and then for the delectation of the dock-labourer and his interesting family.

But Sylvia smiled superior. When you have got a vocation you know better than that, and matters at last came fairly to a head, for on her being summoned, in the early days of July, to return with her parents to their country home, she deliberately announced her intention of remaining in town.

Upon this, Lady Balham took action, and, conscious that she and his Lordship required support, penned a series of pathetic little notes round to their numerous relatives, calling upon them for aid and counsel at this most distressful crisis. The family came, and every separate member of it—uncles, aunts, cousins to the fourth and fifth generation—sat in judgment on the rebel, who remained unimpressed. A new Joan of Arc, she must obey the voices that bid her go forth and labour in the vineyard, and her determination was not to be gainsaid.

It was her brother, the son and heir of the house, Lord Cotleigh, who offered the first practical advice for meeting the case. This young gentleman, with chambers in St. James's Street and a taste for musical comedy that afforded him much enjoyment and occupation, was of small account for domestic purposes, but he was by no means so foolish as he would have liked you to believe, and his simple but effective idea was to send for the Rev. John Masters and put it to him as to what use, if any, Sylvia would prove in the Parish of St. Mark's. For, as he urged, with more point than politeness, the poor man might not want her, and then where would she be?

This plan, in default of a better, it was decided to adopt, and, notwithstanding the fact that Sylvia, visibly disconcerted at the notion of being confronted with Mr. Masters, urged delay, a peremptory message was there and then despatched by Lady Balham to St. Mark's, E., which presently brought the Vicar of that parish to Carlton House Terrace. He was received by Lord and Lady Balham, and what passed between the three of them did not at once transpire, but that John Masters won, never again to forfeit it, the complete trust of Sylvia's parents was made evident in the sequel.

As soon as he had grasped the situation, his first request was that he might see Sylvia, and alone, and to this Lord and Lady Balham consented without demur. Not so her little Ladyship, who required much persuasion to brace her to the interview, giving signs of a shyness by no means usual to her.

John Masters greeted her with quiet self-possession and a keen glance from out of his steady blue eyes that—as she confessed long, long afterwards—seemed to read her through. She was wont to add that this, moreover, was the first

occasion on which he had looked at her at all, but he never admitted to that. To his first gentle questionings, Sylvia, ill at ease, made but scant reply; and John Masters, beginning with a reminder to her of her parents and her duty to them—she, their only and much-loved daughter—went on to speak of the sole justification there might be for the taking of such a step as she contemplated.

A vocation! Yes, truly, that justified all things. For those who had heard the cry of the children might never again be deaf to it nor lap themselves round in their luxurious ease, once pity, the pity that tears at one's heart-strings, had stirred in them for the patient, toiling, sorrowful multitudes. He knew it—who better?—and God forbid that he should preach any other doctrine even to a girl at her own fireside; but was Sylvia conscious of so strong a vocation as this?

And the affirmative answer came, so unwavering as to fairly electrify him.

It is certain that, watching him as he stood in his brave young manhood, the white flame of love and sacrifice on him, a very imperious call indeed knocked at the heart of the Lady Sylvia Haigh, and of its real nature she was scarcely less ignorant than was her guide and teacher, whose mind matched her own, almost, in its purity. But the decision being left with him, Mr. Masters recommended, finally, that his fair-disciple should be allowed to give the East-End a trial, and to this, with loyal regard to the understanding that had been come to, Lord and Lady Balham agreed.

The latter, it is true, was, at first, of opinion that her daughter might conveniently drive down East in a well-appointed brougham, attended by her maid and furnished with her wardrobe, and there rent a house that Maple's should have immediate orders to render habitable. But this little plan failing to find favour in Mr. Masters' sight, he was promptly ready with an alternative.

The Lady Sylvia, if she came East, must come as one of themselves, or she would be worse than useless; he had no two opinions on that point, and the following was the best arrangement he could think of as likely to afford her some degree of well-being while she familiarised herself with the field in which must lie her future work.

Provided with an introduction from himself, she would easily find her way to the house of one of his parishioners, who might be depended on for board and lodging, and who would, Lady Balham could rely on it, give the girl all reasonable care.

A Gladstone-bag must, however, hold all her requirements, and a pound a-week (he would have preferred that it should be fifteen shillings, but on that he would not insist) cover all her expenses.

Further, he begged that she should be left to herself for four complete weeks, communicating only by letter with her relations until the expiration of that term; and Lady Balham, nerving herself to the inevitable, resolved that, Sylvia willing, Mr. Masters' directions to her should be carried out to the letter, and that she was free to go immediately.

Which she did. Her little effects were hastily got together. A golden sovereign was placed in her hand (the allowance was to be paid weekly), and, a cabby having been called (the cost of his fare was defrayed beforehand), poor little Sylvia, striving to show a brave front, but with white cheeks and tight-drawn lips that told their own tale, was sped on her way.

Mr. Masters, in bidding her farewell, promised that she should hear from him in the course of the next few days, and, with her mother's kisses on her lips, Sylvia was gone.

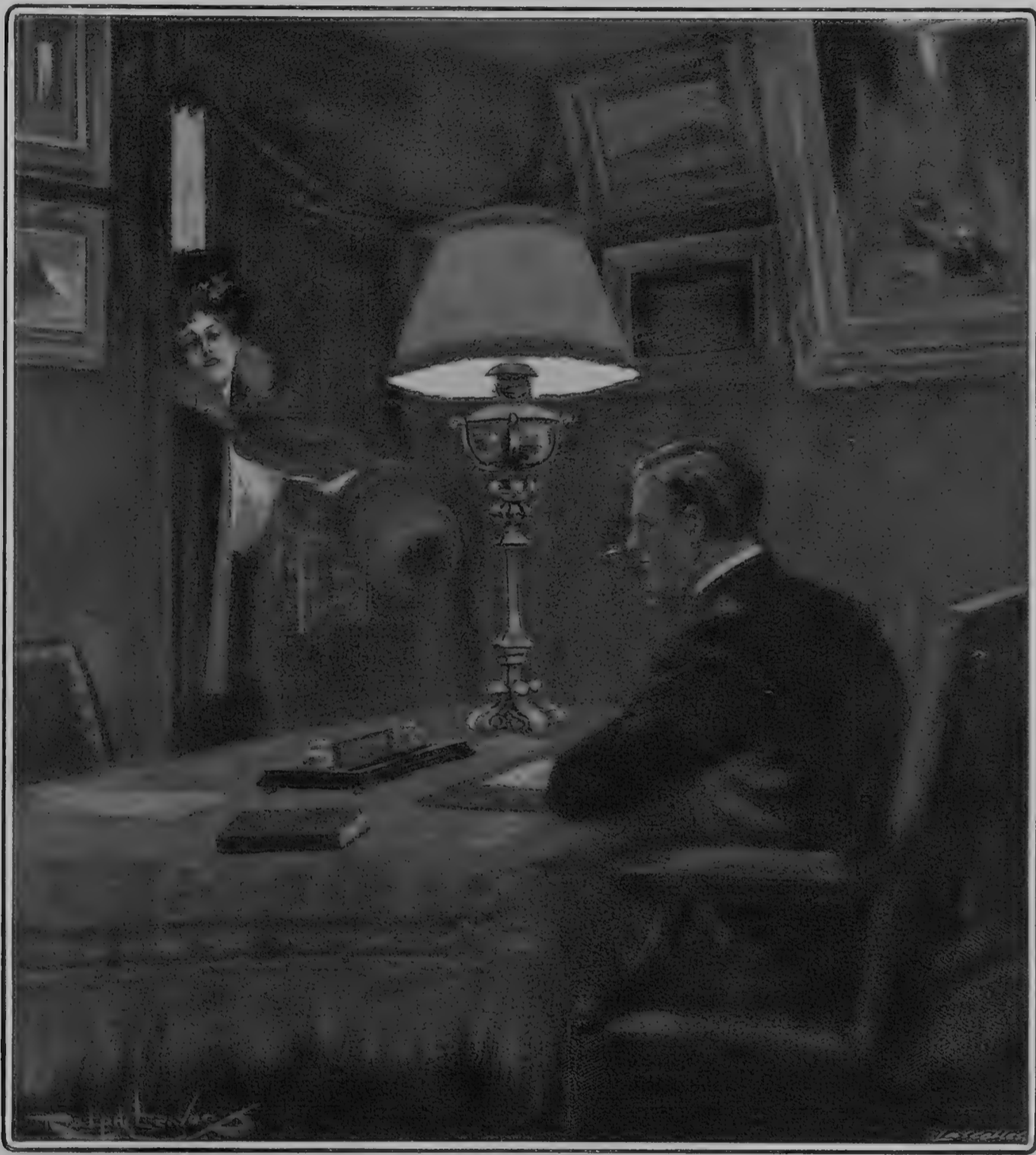
Now Lady Balham had a niece who, during the progress of the

events above recorded, had been away on a honeymoon. In fact, the first public appearance of the Lady Sylvia had been made in the capacity of bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin and bosom-friend, the Honourable Millicent Nevern, with Mr. Waring-Gore, and, shortly after her migration East, the young couple having done with honeymooning, returned to polite Society.

They were met with the astounding news of Sylvia's flight, and Mrs. Waring-Gore lost not a moment in looking up Lady Balham and in requesting from her a full account of what had happened.

With many tears the story was unfolded, while the listener forbore comment, showing, however, so much less interest in the account of Mr. Masters' commanding eloquence than in the description

was rather startled at the high price of food, adding, in apology, that she had not known before what a large appetite she had, this last detail so painfully affecting Lady Balham that a hamper, on the model of those sent in former days to Cotleigh when he was starving at Eton—poor, dear lad!—was now forwarded weekly to 5, Mafeking Road, E., and Sylvia drew many an amusing picture of the wonderful reception afforded in St. Mark's Parish to the Balham Towers game-pies and home-made jams, &c. But of Mr. Masters she made no mention whatsoever. His name did not once find a place in her letters, nor was he alluded to even indirectly; and over this omission, the bride, in her wisdom, shook her head and felt confident of what she would hear when, soon afterwards, it being agreed on all hands to



She found John preparing his Sunday sermon.

"LADY SYLVIA'S VOCATION."

of his person and the colour of his eyes—leading factors of the case, plainly, to her mind—that it began to dawn on Lady Balham how much may be learnt, on occasions, by a matron of fifty from a bride of six weeks.

And so it proved, for Millicent made but one gulp of the amazing vocation, and laughingly assured her aunt that either her cousin would marry Mr. Masters, or, if his tastes, unfortunately, did not lie that way, Lord and Lady Balham might hope, ere long, to welcome their daughter home again, having entirely outgrown missions.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished for," sighed Sylvia's mother; but she could offer no opinion on the immediate state of her daughter's feelings, whose letters home, if reasonably cheerful, were few and brief. She was well, quite comfortable, and had found work, presumably congenial, in the Girls' Club and among the children. She

leave the conduct of affairs to her, and the four weeks of Mr. Masters' stipulation having nearly run out, she started on a pilgrimage East.

From this expedition she returned very serious. Yes, she had found Sylvia, tracing her from her lodgings (and what lodgings!) to a poky little kitchen—an annexe to the schools—where she was instructing some half-a-dozen ladies of the neighbourhood in the gentle art of cookery.

An astonishment, this, to Lady Balham, for where on earth had her daughter learnt anything of cooking? But Millicent insisted that, however limited Sylvia's knowledge of the subject might be, she was imparting what she knew most conscientiously, and burning her face and her fingers at the task without scruple; and Mrs. Waring-Gore further volunteered the opinion that, if her cousin were to be rescued alive from "that slum," there was but one means of accomplishing it—they must

begin with The Saint (the nickname she had definitely adopted as best suited to the apostolic virtues of the Rev. John Masters). For that Sylvia was head over ears in love with the man admitted of no doubt.

Impossible to drag any sort of confession out of her, but it was unnecessary: she lived on the messages of encouragement and approval he sent her from time to time—for, curiously enough, she saw very little of him; there was no philandering on his part, and, whether from motives of delicacy or of indifference, he appeared to purposely avoid the girl.

This much Millicent had ascertained positively. Where she had been, as she readily confessed, mistaken was in believing that Sylvia would weary of her work once she realised that it was about as little suited to her as it well could be.

But it was plain that, under present circumstances, Sylvia would remain in the East-End until she dropped, and the way out of the dilemma, concluded Millicent, was obvious. The Saint must be brought West.

And why not? There was such a thing as preferment. Sylvia's people had influence, and they must use it in Mr. Masters' behalf.

He was well born and well connected, and, if not a great match for their daughter, her parents would be content, no doubt, in securing their child's happiness and ask no more. Besides, all might yet be well. An English Bishop is not to be sneezed at.

The Earl and Countess were more than willing to fall in with these views. They yearned for their girl, and Mr. Masters was quite a possible son-in-law. Careful research into his family even unearthed a Duke as its head and fountain-source.

Somewhat of a fossil, his Grace of Bicester, and living in much retirement; still, a valuable asset at the present juncture, and, communications being opened up, the sympathies of Mr. Masters' powerful kinsman were enlisted to the end that a mere apostle might, in time, come to wear a shovel-hat and gaiters.

But of these deep-laid plots, always by the counsel of the astute Millicent, not a word was to be breathed in St. Mark's Parish, where she and Lady Balham were now on terms of regular visiting. And it was evident that matters there were undergoing change and hastening towards a crisis.

Imperceptibly almost, Mr. Masters was gradually relaxing the guarded manner of his intercourse with Sylvia, and the two were often together.

She had brought much goodwill to the fulfilment of her new duties but little knowledge of what was required of her, and John Masters found a very willing pupil when he at last undertook to play the part of teacher to the poor little white-faced girl struggling manfully against a sea of difficulties—difficulties that made themselves air and vanished at her master's approach, or so it seemed to Sylvia, living through these the very happiest days her life had known. The dull monotony of her surroundings took on colours of scarlet and gold; her daily round of duties became one long enchantment as she learnt the great lessons of patience and all-pitying compassion in a glow of adoration for the man she worshipped.

And one day he spoke. Was it possible that she had cast anchor among them for good? He feared, as yet, to trust the hope, realising what the loss of her now would mean to him. He had not dreamt, at first, but that a few weeks, a month or two at the most, would exhaust her ardour for work and self-sacrifice. Had she, indeed, this vocation he had but half believed in? Then, perhaps—who knows?—she might remain always, and with him.

At last! And Sylvia, all tears and smiles and glorious happiness, as, with her head pillowed on his breast, she assured him again and again of her devotion to the cause he had at heart and of her overwhelming attachment to the East-End, believed herself to be speaking the truth as firmly as did the man who listened to her.

Nevertheless, from the hour of her engagement, duly announced West and meeting with no opposition from the conspirators there, whose schemes were well under way, she longed with all the honesty in her to confess herself to her lover. He trusted in her so, treated her as so entirely one with himself, why dared she not tell him that she loved his work for the love of him and saw visions through his eyes? But, somehow, she delayed the telling, and day by day her hesitation grew.

Meanwhile, the very post coveted by Lord and Lady Balham for their future son-in-law had fallen vacant—a Mayfair chapel in the gift of the Duke of Bicester, and rejoicing in the most select of congregations. Here, indeed, an eloquent preacher might hope to find a position worthy of him.

His flock, a choice gathering from the moneyed classes, who to-day reckon culture as one among their many indispensable luxuries—something between the motor-car and the inevitable telephone in the entrance-hall—and who expect from their clergyman a glib acquaintance with Huxley, Comte, Herbert Spencer, &c., as only due to themselves; who, on occasions, will even listen pleasantly to a direct impeachment from the pulpit of Society's vices and follies, finding in these fulminations a pleasant titillation that affords matter for conversation in the ensuing church-parade, and fully appreciating, moreover, that their dear Canon is not so very terrible after all, and will continue to make himself quite at home at their dinner-parties, joining, as one of themselves, in the amiable chitter-chatter concerning the sweet Duchess of this and of that, and the dear Queen.

The very place for John Masters, this! But Millicent, a young woman undoubtedly possessed of brains above her surroundings, still urged caution.

So it was arranged for a first meeting to take place between the

Duke and Mr. Masters before any hint of coming events was dropped either to Sylvia or to her *fiancé*, and on a certain Sunday morning, in company with Lord and Lady Balham, his Grace journeyed East to assist at service in St. Mark's Church.

The reception he there met with astonished everyone, for, if Mr. Masters had forgotten his own relationship to the Duke, he had discovered the latter's identity with the ground-landlord of certain slum tenements in St. Mark's Parish that weighed heavily on their Vicar's heart.

It must, in justice, be added that his Grace, to the best of his recollection, had never so much as heard of Garibaldi Court, but he made its acquaintance on that very afternoon.

With characteristic energy and a sublime disregard for the meagreness of the hospitality he had to offer, John Masters had insisted upon taking his distinguished visitors back to luncheon at the vicarage, and, the Duke being refreshed with cold meat and pickles, cheese and beer, he was there and then hustled off to view the black alley and tumble-down hovels that were part of his lordly possessions.

It was not a chance to let slip, felt Masters, and when his Grace, completely captivated by the single-minded simplicity of his impetuous young kinsman, but sworn to secrecy on the real import of his visit, assured Masters, with a warm shake of the hand at parting, that he should be really proud and happy to assist him in any way he could, our Vicar thought his case was won.

His sole confidante Sylvia, he drew up a most wonderful plan, not alone for the pulling down of that nightmare of a Court, but for its reconstruction on economic but sane principles, and together these two young people indited a most appealing letter to the Duke of Bicester, asking him, in the name of Christianity, to undertake this great work.

While they awaited the answer—Masters aflame with hope and enthusiasm—Sylvia learnt of the impending offer of the West-End chapel that was to be made him.

Lady Balham, unable to keep the secret any longer in the face of Sylvia's plans for the re-arrangement of the vicarage that she looked upon as her future home, confided to her the joyous news of her imminent return West, and in company with the husband of her choice. Sylvia stood aghast as she listened to her mother's triumphant narrative of the plot that was afoot against the unconscious Masters.

Not for a moment did she miss the significance of her people's interference with this man's life, nor fail to see in its true light the ignoble rôle that she herself would have played were she to allow her priest and hero to be trapped into a gilded bondage, and her uneasy conscience lifted up its voice in accusation. Well she knew what had brought her, a love-stricken girl playing the heroine, into her lover's kingdom, where he gave himself daily and hourly, ungrudging and uncounting of the cost, to all who sinned and suffered. But, at least, she would leave him alone; he should not be dragged, for her sake, into shameful ease. No; rather would she go her way and let him be.

He was anticipating, so hopefully, the Duke's reply to his letter, starting up at each postman's knock in uncontrollable impatience. Oh, the stories he had told her of the dumb misery of mothers he had been witness to in Garibaldi Court, where no child could be reared and live, and the pictures he had drawn for her of the homes, furnished with air and light and water, that were to replace the pestilential hole, and that already, in his dreams, were rearing their fair walls!

And this was the offer in store for him! Peace for himself, an escape from the prison where he preached hope and comforted despair, love's dalliance—in exchange for the divine passion that, till now, had filled him full!

Alas! The repentant Sylvia felt herself the temptress, and remorse shook her to the soul for the deception she had practised on her lover. With an indignant refusal, in his name, to the Duke's proposals, she left her astonished mother and fled to the vicarage, with no very clear idea of what she would say when she got there.

She found John preparing his Sunday sermon, and—untimely interruption to the task—with the Duke's letter, just arrived, in front of him. She was welcomed in a rapture of gratitude for her coming. The need for sympathy was strong in him in his great disappointment, and he turned to her in all faith and confidence.

She was one with himself. Not for an instant did he doubt her, and—oh, miracle!—he was quite prepared for her whole-hearted rejection of the Duke's offer. Indeed, he brushed that aside as of small consequence. Of course, they could not leave their work: such an idea was outside discussion.

The annoying part of it all was that, for the moment, his plans for the redemption of Garibaldi Court had been knocked on the head; but he was promptly engaged in reconstructing a fresh line of attack, and, as she sat with her hand in his—planning out their life together, among his people—where, thought Sylvia, growing closer and ever closer to him, was there room or need here for self-justification or confession?

And he never knew! They were married shortly afterwards, and the Duke of Bicester's wedding-present to the Lady Sylvia Masters was the ground-lease of Garibaldi Court and a substantial cheque for its rebuilding—which was undertaken without delay, and within a stone's-throw of the new Garibaldi Court dwell, to this day, John Masters and his wife.

The air of Whitechapel—it is reported to be very salubrious—apparently agrees with the Lady Sylvia and her children, who thrive and prosper, and it is obvious that the genuineness of her Ladyship's vocation to love and obey her husband in all faithfulness so long as her life should last cannot be called in question.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT was in these columns that an indication was first given as to negotiations having been considered between Messrs. William Greet and Murray Carson of the one part, and Mr. Wilson Barrett of the other part, for the latter to bring his new Saxon drama, "The Christian King," to the Adelphi. I am glad to now be able to state that these negotiations have just been brought to a successful issue. "Captain Kettle" will depart from the Adelphi (not that I am glad of *that*) in time to allow Mr. Barrett to give the first London production of "The Christian King" there, just prior to the Christmas holidays. As in the case of the first English production of this stirring play at Bristol a few weeks ago (duly described in *The Sketch*), Mr. Barrett will enact the character of Alfred the Great.

Mr. Alfred Austin has written a play. That play has been submitted to Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has read it, and pronounces it to contain much meritorious material. What Mr. Tree's further statements may be concerning this matter he cannot at present decide.

For, be it also noted, Mr. Tree, ever characteristically busy, is just now more characteristically busy than usual. As I hinted in last week's issue, he has been contemplating an adaptation of Count Tolstoy's very strong but sordid story, "Resurrection." Since my last week's mems upon this theme, Mr. Tree has personally assured me that, so strongly has he become impressed with this Russian drama, he has decided to put aside for a while all his magnificent preparations for his projected grand revival of "King Richard the Second" and to give "Resurrection" the next place at His Majesty's, whenever "The Eternal City" may have to be withdrawn therefrom.

Since I met Mr. Tree and the American adapter of Tolstoy's lurid novel, a few days ago, that adapter, Mr. Michael Morton (American Citizen), has gone back to Paris in order to arrange for several more copies of the French adaptation (with which he is also not utterly unconcerned) to be sent along to Mr. Tree. Mr. Tree assures me that he does not remember ever to have been moved with any play so much as he was moved with "Resurrection"—so much so that not only is he preparing a most realistic *mise-en-scène* for this drama, but in the intervals thereof he is rapidly catching up with all the Tolstoy

works that he has not as yet perused. To speak candidly, on talking Tolstoy with him, I found my friend Tree quite a devout Tolstoyan convert.

Although Mr. Tree has thus (*pro tem.*) discarded Shakspeare for Tolstoy, yet there is one actor-manager who will remain faithful to his promises as regards what I may perhaps be permitted to call the Baconian Bard. This Abdiel among Shakspeare-promisers is Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who has, during the last day or two, decided to postpone his sometime arranged revival of that greatest of all domestic dramas, "Othello." Mr. Forbes-Robertson formerly contemplated giving this highly interesting venture at the Lyric about midway in the first month of the fast - approaching New Year. He has now, however, decided to choose the 15th inst. for his "Othello" production.

In connection with this eagerly awaited "Othello" revival, another change has had to be suddenly arranged. Owing to Mr. Forbes-Robertson's altered date, Mr. Beerbohm Tree finds that he cannot release Mr. Robert Taber from his part, David Rossi, in "The Eternal City" at His Majesty's, in order to play Iago to our newest Othello. Consequently, our newest Othello has been fain to secure Mr. Herbert Waring for the newest Iago. And a right good Iago should Mr. Waring make.

At the end of the present week, Miss Minna Blakiston will take part in an interesting programme, for she is playing in a triple bill at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater. Her appearances in London have been fitful during the last few months, since she finished her long engagement at the Avenue as the Gipsy in "The Night of the Party." Tall and dark, of striking appearance, and with the distinction which is so well understood of women of "wearing her clothes well," Miss Blakiston is always an attractive addition to the cast of a play, and it will probably not be long before she is again seen regularly at one of the West-End houses, for she has had a good deal of experience with our best actors, having been engaged at various times by such Managers as Mr. Hare, Miss Olga Nethersole, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, and Sir Charles Wyndham.

Some time ago, I stated in *The Sketch*, on the authority of Mr. Fred Terry, that he and his charming wife, Miss Julia Neilson, were arranging to secure a West-End theatre for the London production of their new romantic poetic music-drama, prepared for them by Messrs. R. G. Legge, Louis Calvert, and Raymond Roze, and entitled "For Sword or Song." I have now to chronicle the fact that they have secured the Shaftesbury Theatre for this purpose, and that they will start proceedings there on Jan. 21 in the coming New Year. This arrangement will not, of course, interfere with Mr. Frederic A. Stanley's production of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new fanciful play, "An Un-Fairy Princess," at the Shaftesbury on the 22nd inst. for a series of holiday shows.



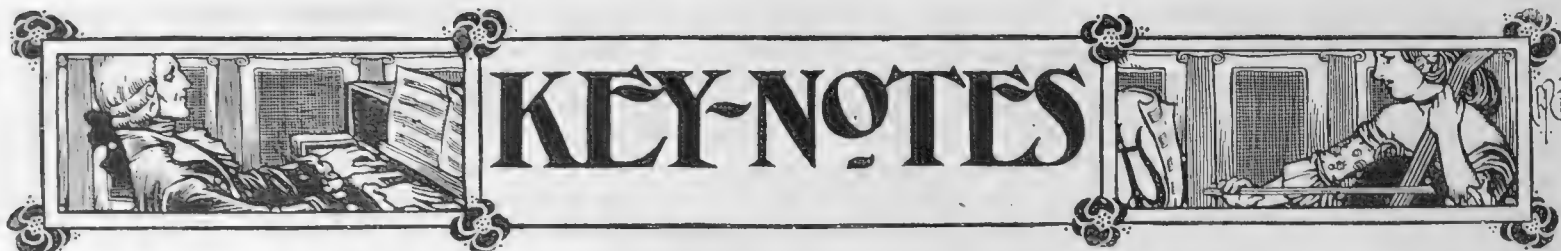
MISS MINNA BLAKISTON.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS MINNIE BAKER, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



THAT is good news which has just reached us of Mr. Henry J. Wood's complete restoration to health. The somewhat alarming rumours which one heard some time ago of his breakdown through overwork seem to have been rather exaggerated, although there is no doubt that intense hard work had had its natural results in Mr. Wood's case. Once more well, and, no doubt, as full of energy as ever, Mr. Wood makes his reappearance at the Queen's Hall at the Symphony Concert which has been arranged for Dec. 6. On that occasion there will be performed for the first time in England, under the conductorship of the composer himself, Richard Strauss's Tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben," an event to which all who are interested in the forward movement of music are doubtless anticipating with much interest. Extraordinary efforts have been made on the part of the Queen's Hall Management to secure as perfect an interpretation of the work as may be. No fewer than four string rehearsals, three wind rehearsals, and two full rehearsals have been arranged for. After this, if, with the magnificent resources of the Queen's Hall orchestra, we do not get something of an ideal rendering, one will naturally be extremely surprised.

During Mr. Wood's illness it has been found necessary, of course, to obtain efficient substitutes for his work, and at the last Symphony Concert Dr. Edward Elgar took the conductor's place, among other things directing a performance of his Coronation Ode. The work certainly does not take as high a place in the list of Elgar's compositions as do many far less ambitious pieces by the same writer. But, apart from those less ambitious pieces, it cannot, of course, be mentioned in the same breath as "The Dream of Gerontius"; the Ode is broadly and in many pages nobly scored, but the inspiration has not got that interior sense of musicianship which you find in Elgar at his best. Certainly the now well-known pages, "Land of Hope and Glory," were never, to my mind, interpreted before with so great a keenness as they were on the occasion here spoken of; indeed, although one does not place this melody in the loftiest rank of music, its taking qualities and the popular element in its musical sentiment must be perfectly obvious to him who runs. The solo parts were taken by Mme. Sobrino, Miss Edna Thornton, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies.

Dr. Elgar is not, like Mr. Henry Wood, a born conductor, but he is so great a musician that his readings must always necessarily be intelligent. Under him, Richard Strauss's "Feuersnot" went very well indeed, though not altogether with the full Straussian effect; some of the *diablerie* was gone, and the peculiar flaming intensity of the work lost its keenness in consequence. Mr. Arthur de Greef was the pianoforte soloist on this occasion, and played in Grieg's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra reasonably well; but this is a work which, though possessing beautiful moments, decidedly does not belong to the works which rank as being the product of the very highest forms of musical genius.

The Crystal Palace has secured Paderewski for the concert of Dec. 13. This will be his only appearance for the season at Sydenham, and all the pieces that he will play are to be selected from his own works. On this occasion he will be accompanied by full orchestra, under the direction of Signor Randegger. Fräulein Krull, the Dresden Opera prima donna, who created the soprano part in

Paderewski's enormously successful opera, "Manru," will sing on this occasion; Mr. John Coates is also engaged for the same afternoon, which promises to be one of really exceptional interest. The energy and foresight of the Crystal Palace Management have no bounds, and they leave no stone unturned to secure the popularity of their Sydenham concerts.

Reference has just been made to Dr. Elgar and his "Dream of Gerontius." "Common Chord" has recently had the privilege of examining the original score which the composer presented to the Birmingham Oratory, where it lies in the silent and secluded library of Cardinal Newman's old home. It was a sweet and generous thought on Dr. Elgar's part to do so, for the inspiration of the work, of course, came from Newman's extraordinary poem. The score is beautifully written in the delicate yet firm handwriting which one can recall, by a peculiar resemblance, in certain of Mozart's manuscripts. That is curious; for, although many vote Mozart old-fashioned nowadays, he was a prophet in his day; nothing—unless it be the writing of Richard

Strauss—could be more prophetic, more full of modernity, than this score of Elgar's. That robber, the future, will unmodernise (if the word may be allowed) Elgar, as it has unmodernised Mozart and Gluck and countless others. Still, to us moderns of to-day that would seem to be a curious generation which will vote "The Dream" or "Till Eulenspiegel" as being "very fine, but, of course, old-fashioned." "Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni."

The Wessley String Quartet is without doubt an extremely fine combination of players. It is just that—the combination—which is so remarkable a fact in connection with their interpretations. Then, too, their refinement is altogether singular. It is true that they have not got what Sir Walter Scott called the "big bow-wow" manner of

music; but they have intensity, and they play with much dignity. They have just given at the Bechstein Hall the second of a series of four concerts: they distinguished themselves chiefly by their rendering of Dvorák's Quartet in E-flat (Op. 51), which demonstrated quite triumphantly the keenness of that composer's musical temperament and, by a side-path, the extreme difficulty that even good players often have in realising his peculiar individuality, for it is a very rare thing indeed that you hear him played with so revealing an effect as that which was obtained at the Bechstein Hall on this occasion.

At that hall, recent concerts have been quite numerous. One of the most interesting of these has been that of Miss Susan Strong, whose vocal recital proved once more the brilliant quality of her voice. Many of the songs she gave, by the way, had been translated into English verse by Alice Meynell.

COMMON CHORD.

When Madame Patti is not witching the world with her delightful singing, she is usually in residence at her old-fashioned country-house near Stockholm. To the sorrow of all Wales, it will be remembered, the diva decided to give up Craig-y-Nos and to make her home in her husband's native country. Here, with the Baron and the numerous musical friends who gather around her, she passes an ideally pleasant life, devoting the day mostly to outdoor pursuits and the evenings to her art.



Baron Cederström. Baroness Cederström.

BARON CEDERSTRÖM AND THE BARONESS (ADELINA PATTI) AT THEIR SWEDISH RESIDENCE NEAR STOCKHOLM.

Photograph by Julius Grasse, Stockholm.



Royal Motorists—Paris-Madrid—Encouraging the Sport—Motor-Buses for London—Motor Etiquette—Side-slip—Air without Oil.

THE new motor-phaeton belonging to the Prince of Wales shows an advance towards the enlargement of the capacities of electrically propelled carriages. This new design, constructed by the City and Suburban Electric Carriage Company, who also supplied the electrical voiturette used by the Queen, has a capacity for travelling ninety miles on one charge of the storage battery, when conditions are not unduly adverse, and it can attain a speed of twice the legal limit. Heavy roads and hills eat up current gluttonously on electrical vehicles, but it is interesting to find them progressing from their earliest and most appropriate use as town carriages into adaptability for prolonged country journeys. Seers of the sanguine sort foretell the universal use of electricity as the propelling agent of motor-cars ere long, but at the moment their limitations for fresh supply of current handicap them compared with the practically inexhaustible petrol-engine, which, when its supply does need renewal, can be satisfied in fewer minutes than the electrical vehicle demands hours.

Another Royal automobilist who has had an affection for motoring since motor-cars first began to move and have their being is the King of Portugal. He finds a car invaluable as a means of sport and recreation, and of special use in connection with the shooting parties of which His Majesty is so fond. Portugal will shortly boast of an Automobile Club of its own, with the King standing as its Royal President.

It is to Spain next summer that racing-men will steer in hot haste on the day of the great race which will carry on the series already made famous by the Paris-Berlin and the Paris-Vienna contests of the last two seasons. The final stages to Madrid, when once the passage of the Pyrenees has been accomplished, will rival in roughness the worst parts of the trying ordeal for light-built cars presented by the wretched roads of Austria. But the badness of the course is a secondary matter when it is the common lot of all competitors to face the same conditions. The classic event will be run in a novel manner. There will be two classifications, according to the present proposals of the Automobile Club de France—a purely racing section for individual entries, and a reliability section for teams of five specimens of the same type entered collectively by its manufacturers. It is in the first stage of this race, namely, to Bordeaux, that the race for the Gordon Bennett Cup will most likely be included when all hopes of using Ireland have died away.

In connection with this race, Mr. S. F. Edge, in order to encourage the cultivation of a squadron of British racing-men, has offered to supply racing Gladiator cars at rather less than cost-price to purchasers making immediate acceptance of this offer, and will add to the official awards a prize of £300 if the car wins, £200 for second place, £100 for third place, and £40 for a finish in any place, in addition to a rebate of £200 given for the mere fact of starting in the race. The budding racer, therefore, is certain of getting back £200 on his car, unless he happens to come to grief before he reaches the starting-point.

Motor-omnibuses have frequently been promised for London, and occasionally a solitary specimen has made its appearance on familiar routes since the withdrawal of an unsuccessful team of cars two years ago. There was a steam Thornycroft 'bus in operation recently which achieved the distinction of being the only vehicle which has not come out second-best after a collision with a Brentford tram-car; but

it was illegally ponderous and is undergoing enforced rest. A new set of really 'bus-like' buses, not exposed wagonettes or char-à-bancs of rural aspect, is now expected to make its appearance in London. They will be driven by 12 horse-power petrol-engines, which will automatically cut out at a speed of fourteen miles an hour, to prevent deeds of derring-do by excited drivers when goaded by the taunts of their horsey brethren. Seriously, though, such a speed is ample for a steerable public-service vehicle, although a higher rate may safely be employed on a tram-line, when laid on a road of suitable width.

The doctrine of "ladies first" is not invariably applicable in the entering and arrangement of passengers on a motor-carriage. The equivalent of the box-seat beside the driver is the post of honour, and of the greatest comfort when the weather is fair, and, more importantly, when the occupant is appropriately clad. But a lady who is not dressed in wind-proof and weather-proof motor-costume will be more considerably treated by being placed in shelter in the rear-seats, whether they be in the phaeton or tonneau form. Further, it is often

necessary for the owner to enter his car and take up his position behind the steering-wheel before the passenger can take her seat, because of the inaccessibility of the driver's seat from the off side and the obvious impossibility of any driver attempting to climb in on the near side past an already occupied seat. Therefore, the apparently outrageous act of a chauffeur taking his place before his lady guest is seated becomes strictly correct etiquette, from the fact that it is constructionally compulsory.

Mr. A. C. Harmsworth and Mr. Paris Singer have headed a prize list with a donation of a hundred guineas each, intended to stimulate research into a means of curing

the evil of side-slip. The Automobile Club is to organise a trial and appoint judges to dispose of the subscribed money in awards.

One of the drawbacks of motor-cycling has been the exuding of oil from the crank-case, which has a liking to spread itself over the legs of the rider and over the belt of the motor. An air-vent has to be provided in the crank-case, but oil mixes with the air and causes the defilement of the surrounding parts. The hole cannot be at the bottom of the case, as it has to be oil-retaining, and if at the top, it is still accessible to the oil whirled in all directions by the fly-wheels. To solve the problem, the dodge of the designer of the Quadrant has proved successful. A hole is drilled through the centre of the spindle of the fly-wheel on one half of the crank. Thus the needed vent is provided, but the oil, by centrifugal force, is never found in the centre of the case, and the escaping air comes forth clean.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON AS MOTORIST.

Whatever Sir Thomas Lipton puts his hand to, he does with all his might. Just as he centred his whole energy in the building-up of a gigantic business, and then as yachtsman won the heart of British and American sportsmen by his efforts to "lift the Cup," so now he has become an ardent motorist. The photograph reproduced shows Sir Thomas's new Panhard and the trusty driver who has served him so well. Sir Thomas's driver is a most accomplished motorist, and on at least one occasion his promptitude and presence of mind have been the means of averting what might have been a serious accident.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW TEN HORSE-POWER PANHARD AND THE DRIVER WHO BRINGS HIM TO TOWN EVERY MORNING.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Flat-Race Season—National Hunt Racing—Sandown.

THE statisticians and reviewers have been busily engaged in dealing with the past flat-racing season. Owners, generally speaking, have had a bad time of it, and the records of 1902 bring forcibly to one's mind the remarks passed on racing by Sir T. Dewar some time back, when he concluded that, in racing matters, jockeys came first, trainers next, the public next, and owners last. One fact is patent: the successful jockeys are fast getting rich; the successful trainers ride in their carriages or motor-cars, keep their liveried servants, and dine and wine to their heart's content. The public—that is, the punters—do fairly well; but what about the owners? They pay the piper and have little or nothing to do with the calling of the tune. It is, therefore, little matter for wonder that so many members of our old nobility have tired of owning horses, which, they contend, is a privilege available only to South African and American millionaires. The result is that the majority of our race-horses are to-day owned by successful financiers and business-men who are prepared, in the words of the gambler, to give "a certain sum of money a chance." Presently these gentlemen will want to have a voice in the ruling of the Turf, and I think two or three of the best of the business owners should be invited to become members of the Jockey Club. I feel sure that the Turf would benefit by the advice that would be given by one or two of our successful business-men. Such an election would strengthen the hands of our Turf Senators.

It is gratifying to find that a large number of horses that performed creditably under Jockey Club Rules are being schooled to the jumping business. Ninety-five horses out of every hundred are natural jumpers that could be relied upon to get over any hurdle racecourse at the first time of asking without any tuition whatever. But when it comes to steeplechasing, it is a very different matter, and a deal of credit is due to the roughriders who do all the schooling and are seldom allowed to ride in public. These lads get some terrible tumbles, but they face the music manfully, as a rule. Sometimes, however, they object to get up on a really tear-away animal. Wild Meadow, trained by the late Jack Jones, was such a one. The lads did not like schooling the animal. Yet Captain Bewicke bet a friend that he would get the horse over the Sandown Park course, and, by the aid of a ground-ash, he did so, but it took about half-an-hour to perform the feat. Roquefort was another perfect brute. I remember on the last day of the Croydon Meeting his being led to the starting-post blindfolded, so that he should not see the paddock gate. But this made no difference, as, on coming round the first time with a long lead, he suddenly bolted out of the course and through the paddock gate

in a twinkling. Many good horses are ruined in schooling owing to the impetuosity of their riders or spoiled by strong-in-the-arm jockeys.

The jumping meetings at Sandown Park are always a big draw, and I am glad to hear that the Grand Military fixture is to be restored to



THE BICESTER HUNT: C. COX, THE HUNTSMAN.

the list next spring, now that the War is over. There should be some good racing on the lovely Esher slopes on Friday and Saturday, but I am afraid the field for the Great Sandown Steeplechase (why Great, by-the-bye?) will be a very small one, as only nine horses have accepted. Mathew will, it is said, carry the Irishmen's money, but I think the race will be won by Delivery, who belongs to a bookmaker, Mr. John Collins, the owner of that smart flat-racer, Carabine. A very good acceptance has been received for the Grand Annual Hurdle Race, and the winner, I take it, will be hard to find, as many of the good horses engaged are only half-trained as yet. Eteocles is a recent winner over timber, and Yellow Cord is a smart hurdler. I cannot fancy The Raft with top weight, although he may make a smart jumper later on. Master Orun is fancied, and Crinky may win if fit, but I shall pin my faith in Peace and Plenty, who is a good horse when at his best.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE BICESTER HUNT.

The Bicester and Warden Hill pack dates back rather more than a century, though some score or more years before that date Mr. John Warde hunted a large area in Warwickshire and Oxfordshire which covered what is now the Bicester country. However, in 1800 Sir Thomas Mostyn became Master of the Bicester, and for nearly three score years he remained at its head. He was followed by Mr. Drake, who occupied the position for twenty-two years. Among other noted Masters have been Viscount Valentia, Lord Chesham, and the Earl of Cottenham, the present occupant of the post being Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale. The country is of peculiar shape, since, while its length is some thirty-five miles from North to South, its greatest width is only twelve, portions lying in Bucks, Northamptonshire, and Oxfordshire. It is a good scenting country, on the whole, offers many flying fences, and in the Vale of Aylesbury are numerous doubles and brooks. A large proportion of the going is pasture, and the horse required should be able to gallop, jump, and stay. The kennels are at Stratton Audley, and the best centres to hunt from are the four "B's"—Bicester, Brackley, Banbury, and Buckingham.

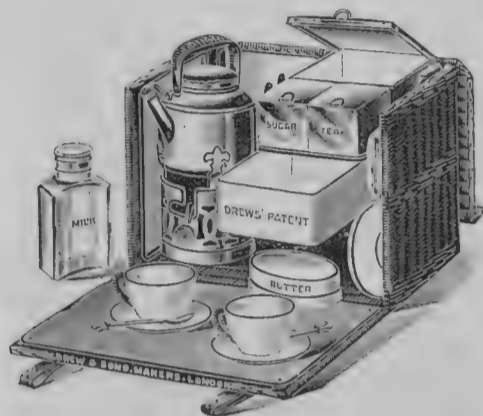


THE BICESTER HUNT: THE MASTER, MR. J. P. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE (IN CENTRE).

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THERE was a time, and a very good time it doubtless was, when people stayed within their own boundaries at Christmas—expansive or circumscribed, as the case might be—and ate their own plum-pudding in the bosom of their families. But that era of ultra-domesticity has departed from our midst. We are an emancipated generation, and the Englishman's home is no longer the surly castle of the serious Saxon, but the cheerful house-of-call which he occupies between week-ends and fills with fellow-mortals in the interim. Even Christmas does not keep the roving modern *chez lui*, and, unlike his roystering ancestors, he goes as far as possible afield



A NEW PATENT TEA-BASKET AND A LADY'S DRESSING-CASE IN SOLID SILVER AT MESSRS. DREW AND SONS'.

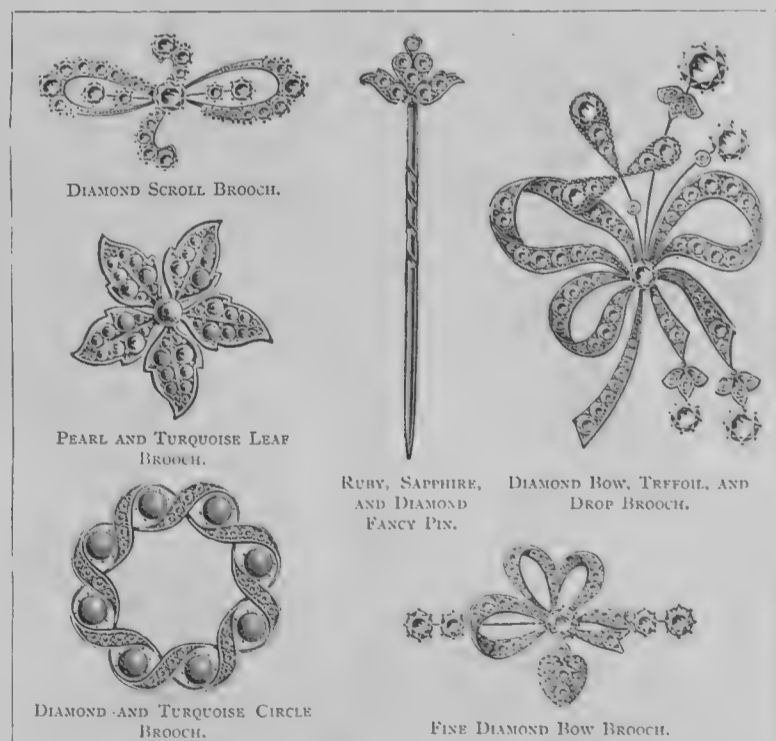
from pie-mixings and other domestic traditions, accompanied by the wife of his bosom and a tea-basket. Indeed, that renowned firm, Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus, have much to answer for. In making smooth the path of travel with their luxurious appliances, lunch-baskets, glorified dressing-cases, and the thousand other aids to comfort and convenience which they have introduced to an appreciative world, voyaging by rail or steamer has lost all drawbacks and dilemmas, and the inducements to leave home on all possible pretences have been doubled. In the matter of trunks alone Drew and Sons have lately taught an object-lesson to many. The numberless boxes built by them for the Great Durbar were marvels of lightness and strength, all made of their patent wood-fibre and covered in dark-brown sail-cloth. In this connection it may be further added that English-made trunks are incomparably more durable than the showy, meretricious German-made box, which falls to pieces before the first onslaught of the railway porter. Trunks made by such first-rate firms as Drew and Sons have more lives than the traditional cat, so both patriotic feeling and practical purpose are served by asking and having the home-made trunk. As a Christmas gift, one of Drews' "En Route" tea-baskets leaves nothing better to ask or wish. They can be had from a modest fifty shillings or so up to the fifty-guinea model in heavy silver fittings. Drews also show in this basket their new patent lamp, which boils water in a few minutes and is absolutely safe. Those who want to rejoice their masculine belongings should note, amongst the hundred novelties at Piccadilly Circus, a handsome tie, glove, and collar case combined, in leather from thirty shillings up, also some of the newest letter-cases and ink-stands, while benevolent uncles, bountiful husbands, and other pleasantly expansive relatives might consider the undoubted charms of the latest fitted dressing-cases and bags, with repoussé silver-gilt fittings and carved gold monograms. Things of light and leading, indeed, as compared with the staggeringly, weighty bags of old acquaintance. At the moment I can imagine no more pleasant or puzzling position than to be let loose at Drews' and told to choose what one wants, so infinite is the variety of their exclusive specialities.

To those pleasantly placed people who have visions of Christmas gifts in which jewellery plays a possible part, I should advise a preliminary visit to Messrs. Mappin and Webb. At their Oxford Street premises as well as 2, Queen Victoria Street, a quite unique display of jewels is invitingly set forth, and at prices which put the ownership of daintily set gems within the possibilities of quite modest income. A man's scarf-pin, for instance, with ruby, sapphire, and diamond designed in perfect taste, is five guineas, a leaf-shaped brooch of fine pearls and turquoise £4 2s. 6d. Who, indeed, need go unbroached or ungifted? The scroll-brooch here illustrated, in excellent taste and of first-water diamonds, is but £23 10s.; nor could one wish to own a daintier collar-brooch than this "circle" of fine diamonds and turquoises for £17 10s. One selects as especially worthy of notice a solidly made gold curb-bracelet, closely set with fine pearls, for £9, also a flexible curb-bangle of new design, inset

with pearls and turquoise, for £7 5s., as being surprisingly good and inexpensive. Again, a design of special excellence in brooches is a delicately graceful pearl spray, representing leaves and flower, the latter set with a centre diamond, for £6 15s., and a similarly set pearl spray of plum-leaves, with the fruit in opals, for five guineas. These two latter are little works of gem-setting art at its best. A jewel to make pendant or brooch, in the charming Louis Seize fretwork, costs £47, and gives a splendid effect. Gold hat-pins of novel device, set with opals, are priced twenty-six shillings only,

and what a welcome gift one always is! A diamond and ruby scent-ball for bangle or neck-chain, beautifully inlaid, is five guineas, while worthy of being printed in capital letters is the gold and enamel lever-watch and bow-brooch for £8 15s., which has the distinction of being the cheapest lever ever attempted by watchmaker. If our grandmothers, with their defective and expensive timekeepers, could see this, when in their days the very phrase, "a lady's watch," was a synonym for irregular coquetties with Greenwich time! A few items instanced thus will give some slight idea of Mappin and Webb's specialities for Christmas, but a visit to either establishment will prove infinitely more convincing.

There are times with all of us when we want to be "sweet and twenty" again and hark back to the dreams and hopes—the "youth's bright hour of pleasure" which poets voice so fervidly. But once a year I most distinctly wish to be in the nursery stage again, and that is when my annual visit to Peter Robinson's Bazaar, in company with the progeny of various relatives, recalls the thrills of ecstasy with which Noah's Ark and woolly lambs and loud-sounding drums once saturated my small, excitable being. Would a diamond tiara or a thousand-guinea motor weigh now in the balance with a speaking doll of those days? Perish the thought! If we elders could realise the fresh feelings we once owned as youngsters, how much more flower-strewn would be the sometimes thorny path of other childhoods! But, meanwhile, we are underground at Peter Robinson's, in the midst of toy forts, great in size and technical structure; clockwork steamers; dolls' mansions, perfectly appointed, as the house agents say, with well-stocked conservatories even in attendance; real "walking ladies,"



CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

who will stand, sit, go any pace, or do anything, in fact, but *fall*; and an endless diversity of other distracting attractions besides. While all the time bugles are blowing, musical boxes tinkling, mechanical marionettes strutting, gramophones croaking—there is no other word—and,

in fact, a very pandemonium of cheerful noise in this paradise of juvenility greets the ear. Peter Robinson's Bazaar is now essentially a place for mothers and mothered.

Certain times carry certain customs, as we all realise very fully nowadays, and in this age of external effect and universal brilliance the wearing of splendid jewellery has become as universal as in past simpler days it was the exclusive and particular hall-mark of the "old family" of pedigrees and portions. Now we are all rich, or appear so—all of ancient lineage, or talk so—all as good as everybody else, and a great deal better dressed, too, to plagiarise our immortal Patrick of buoyant and truculent memory. So the necessity of

appearing gorgeously at each other's dinner-parties and dances, not to mention at Prince's, the Carlton, Savoy, and other haunts of restaurant light and leading, is obvious to even the early Victorian great-aunt, who has become sprightly in her senility to keep pace with our astonishing Edwardian developments. It is obvious that we all must have jewellery. But how



ARTISTIC GEM-WORK AT J. W. BENSON'S, LTD.

to get it well and easily? Both difficulties are answered by Benson, the old-established jewellers of Bond Street and Ludgate Hill, who, keeping pace with progress, sell the simplest or the most splendid gems on the up-to-date instalment plan. The *Times* has done this for us in literature; Norman and Stacey, of Tottenham Court Road, originated the method with furniture. It has been left to Benson to initiate the ultimate purchase of jewels on the monthly payment system, and a boon indeed it has proved to many. This same well-established firm now introduces some unique jewellery for the Christmas-gift season which will compel the attention of the connoisseur. Indian rubies *en cabochon*, exquisitely set with diamonds on thin chains of platinum, form necklets, chains, and bangles of most refined splendour. Quite particularly suitable, too, are rubies for Christmas-gift giving, being the lucky stone of the month of December, and, according to our only Pliny, containing "a charm against evil" in wear.

Besides these especial trinkets, many other novelties will be found at 25, Old Bond Street. A particularly admirable bracelet, composed of Indian-cut emeralds, rubies, and alternate pearls, detained my covetous eye, nor did a pendant of true antique outline escape admiration with pure white brilliants and pear-shaped pearl drops. A necklace with a great central Indian emerald surrounded by fine brilliants, from which again dangled pendent emeralds, one might have cheerfully thieved, if buying was out of the question, so sublimated were its manifold seductions. Altogether, Benson's is now more than ever a study in temptations, to which one willingly lends ear, throat, or hands, as the case may be, to go away succumbed and rejoicing.

Formerly people were fond of observing that there was nothing new under the sun when history repeated itself on a large scale or

novelties introduced by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street, for this present Christmas season are special and particular to themselves, with no traditional cousinships. Novelty and new effect is the cry of the present age, and novelty they certainly offer us. A new boot-whisk with silver mounts and carved wood handle is a capital present for a man, and one, moreover, that should hang in every hall. It is nearly three feet in length and costs only 31s. 6d. Another useful masculine detail is the silver spirit-lamp fitted to a shaving-mug of the same metal, with a separate receptacle for soap, which can be removed while the water boils. Such a present makes the recipient independent of outside aid in the matter of prompt shaving-water and should also make him duly grateful. A splendidly chased silver jewel-casket costs £2 15s., and looks worth treble the price, as, indeed, do most of the specialties to be noticed at the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company's show-rooms. New departures in toilette silver, novel effects in domestic plate, and exclusively designed jewellery are noticeably in evidence, some fascinating diamond brooches and bangles at quite obtainable figures being especially attractive.—SYBIL.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has been graciously pleased to accept, for the children of her Royal Household, a copy of Mr. Thomas Stevens' illustrated juvenile book, the "Babes of the Empire."

Messrs. John Walker and Co., Limited, are issuing their diaries for 1903. Those in doubt as to what to select as a Christmas present for a particularly near and dear friend should ask their stationer for the complete list of these beautifully bound and daintily got-up little books, or send direct to the publishers at Farrington House, Warwick Lane, E.C.

What an ineffable luxury is a really comfortable chair, and yet how few can really so be termed! Those whose unhappy lot it is to burn the "midnight oil"—to use the time-honoured phrase—know well how often the desire to have just half-an-hour's read before turning-in has been frustrated by the impossibility of assuming an easy posture in which one may hold a book without discomfort. Messrs. J. Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street, whose business it is to make folks comfortable, have solved this difficulty, and their "Marlborough Reclining Chairs" are the very acme of comfort. For readers, invalids, and literary people these chairs are invaluable, and those who desire to give a Christmas present which will be a thing of beauty and also of joy to the recipient should send to Messrs. Foot and ask them to forward their little book on "Chair Comfort."



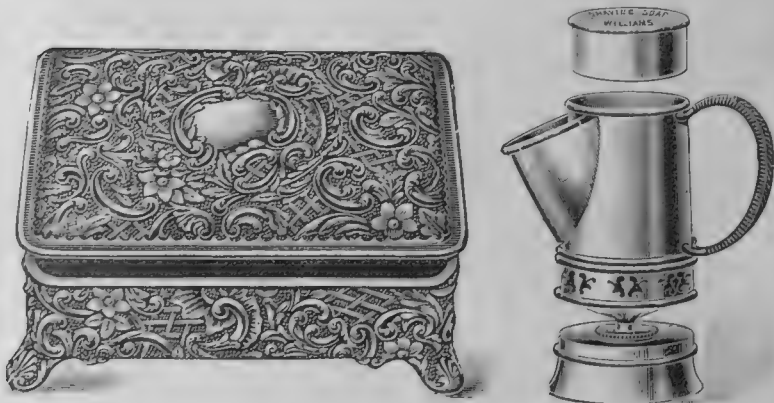
THE "MARLBOROUGH RECLINING CHAIR."

Messrs. Richard Smith and Co., of Worcester, issue a "Bulb List" which should be valued by all who take an interest in gardening and its developments. It may be obtained free of charge on application, the above address being quite sufficient to find this well-known firm.

Bewlay and Co., Limited, not content with giving smokers the best yet cheapest forms of their beloved weed, have now invaded the realm of the book-publisher. Any customer, on application at 49, Strand, or at either of their branches, will be presented with a copy of "A Tale that Ends in Smoke." This is a humorous and quaint little story, beautifully illustrated in colours by Frank Reynolds, printed on the best of paper, bound in tasteful covers, and fastened with an amber silk ribbon.

Cheap excursions will be run by the Great Central Railway from London (Marylebone) next Saturday to Rugby, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, &c.; on Sunday to the principal stations on their system; and every Sunday for one or two days, every Monday and Thursday (except Dec. 25) for day and half-day, and every Saturday for day and half-day, two or three days, to Calver, Finmere, Brackley, &c. Tickets and bills giving full information about these and many other cheap trips by the Great Central are obtainable at Marylebone Station and at the Company's town offices and agencies.

The fine premises of Harrod's Stores, Limited, which are such a striking feature of the Brompton Road, have received an addition which in its harmonious combination of rich-coloured mahogany, dark granite, and brilliant gun-metal is probably unique. Here Messrs. Harrod have established their provision, meat, stationery, fancy goods, ironmongery, and various other departments, and the visitor cannot fail to admire the splendid fittings, ornate ceilings, and mosaic floors of the new extension. The finest Italian marbles, inlaid and wrought most beautifully, are among the decorations, and since these are but the background for a display of household necessities of the cheapest and best, those who wend their way to Harrod's will find both pleasure and profit in the excursion.



HANDSOMELY CHASED SILVER JEWEL-CASKET AND SILVER SHAVING-MUG AT THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S.

small. But the truism is one no longer. It can be affirmed without traducing the ancients that telephones, ten-button gloves, and tantivy motors were unknown in Alexandria or Athens. Likewise the

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 9.

THE CHAT OF THE MARKET.

THE Stock Exchange gave a sigh of relief when the Settlement passed over without any failures and the Bank Rate was not raised, nor is it wonderful that things have become much more cheerful. Over and over again in these columns we have pointed out the impossibility of expecting to get in at the lowest or out at the highest, and, acting on the principle that one must not expect such abnormal luck, and that those who are always striving after the improbable very often miss the practical, we cannot help thinking that the present is a very reasonable moment for investors to come out of their shells and pick up stock, or even good mining shares, with their spare money.

Consols and other investment stocks are low; it is possible that bottom may not have been touched, but the chances are that, with the prospect of cheaper money after the New Year, and relief to the income-tax payer in the spring, to say nothing of the resumption of purchases for the Sinking Fund, we are very nearly at bottom; and for other reasons, with which we partially dealt last week, Home Rails appear not unattractive, while among Industrials there are a considerable number of bargains which, in any general revival, would soon disappear. Our advice therefore to the small investor is to look around and put out his money before the better times come, or he may find himself too late for the fair. When buying does begin, there will be a scramble to get in, and the old saying that "a fool and his money are the salvation of the industrious" will once again be exemplified.

SOUTH AMERICAN BONDS.

Revival in Argentine and Brazilian specialties is, apparently, at hand, and the first sign of the better time for these securities has been furnished by the purchasing orders which Paris has sent to Capel Court. It is a little remarkable that more British attention is not being turned to the Argentine bonds and Railway stocks, because the most casual scanner of Parliamentary news can scarcely fail to notice the persistent way in which the cattle-prohibition order comes under criticism and discussion. Great pressure is being applied to the Government for the removal of this drawback to Argentine prosperity, and, judging by the time which the order has been in force, it would seem as though the dreaded foot-and-mouth disease ought to be as completely stamped out as many authorities declare it to be. Its removal will, in all likelihood, prove the signal for a sharp burst of activity in Argentine things; and the investor should see that intelligent anticipation gives him a chance for making inquiries about the stocks now that they are comparatively low. Shrewd capitalists are also picking up Brazilian bonds and Railway securities, for telegrams have lately been received which tell of a very favourable coffee outlook. The plants are flowering well, and prospects at present point to a good harvest. What that means to Brazil is almost beyond the power of telling, and this advance news is considered quite good enough to justify investment buying of the best Brazilian bonds and stocks.

SILVER AND SILVER SECURITIES.

Lamentable as the fall in silver is to those who are interested in what are known as silver securities, the situation is rendered no happier by the outlook for the metal. Without taking a lugubrious view of the matter, it is quite apparent that the adoption of a gold standard in countries which still cling to silver can be merely a matter of time, and the next important convert to the yellow metal will probably be Mexico. That the President has made no reference to the subject in his latest utterances need not be taken as a settled determination to uphold the silver standard. His visit to Europe has many bearings, and it is likely that one of his objects is to quietly study the practical working of the currency in the gold countries. China, of course, has turned from a large buyer of silver to a heavy seller, in order to meet the Japanese indemnity, while every now and again the fiat goes forth that this or the other minor State will close its mints to the free coinage of the white metal. It must be remembered, too, that the silver-mines can be worked very cheaply, and they will be able to continue operating at a profit, even though the price should fall much lower. Taking all things into consideration therefore, it has to be admitted that the immediate outlook is not pleasant by any means, and the decline in such securities as China Silver Bonds, Mexican Rails, and others which are affected by the price of silver, is based upon a certain amount of reason. On the other hand, so sharp a fall as Mexican Railway stocks have experienced is seldom allowed to continue without a rally taking

place, and, as every cloud has a silver lining, it is possible that conditions may appear that will help to brighten the present distressful sky.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

We have no desire to defend Our Stroller against the unfortunate habit of eavesdropping which he practises. Otherwise, some sympathy might have been expressed with his condition when a shower of water poured over his hat and down his back the other evening.

There was a hasty stampede of the crowd standing beneath the colonnade, and the embroideries of language which were heard would have pleased Kipling himself.

The Stroller shook the worst of the deluge off his hat and coat, and was thinking of the appropriateness of having liquid within to counteract the effects of that without, when—

"You do what you jolly well please, and be hanged to you!" an angry voice exclaimed at his side.

"Come, come, now!" was the soothing response. "Don't get cross. If I can't get them at an eighth, what *can* I buy them at?"

"I've a good mind I won't deal with you at all. No, and I won't, either!" and offended virtue stalked off indignantly.

"All because he made me a price that didn't suit me in Trunk Thirds," explained the insulted one to a friend standing by.

"Did you want to buy them?"

"Yes, and now the market's gone home. I must send my authorised clerk round to some of the jobbers' offices."

"What're you buying Trunks for?"

"Oh, my man says he is convinced they must go better after their little shake-out. He knows his way about, too, as a rule."

"Quite a gamble," commented the other.

"Oh, quite! But after Christmas we shall see all the markets better, 'nless I'm mistaken."

"Suppose an improvement should be discounted in advance," remarked another, "and we see a healthier state of things before the New Year?"

"That's not at all unlikely. I'd rather buy pretty nearly anything than sell it just now. But I must go and write my letters," and the broker hurried off to his office.

"We shan't see much rise in Yankees on this side of 1903," said one of the two who remained.

"So long as you are content to take short profits on them, I don't see that it makes much difference whether you buy or sell Americans."

"Eh?"

"I mean that, supposing you were to buy Atchisons or Unions to-night, it's a moral certainty that the price will improve a dollar or so within a week."

"H'm—yes."

"And, on the other hand, precisely the same conditions rule in the case of a bear sale."

"The best-laid plans—," began his friend.

"Certainly. But if you were to do as I tell you and not as I do, you would be sure of making money."

"How is it that we fellows in the House are so beastly unlucky over our little flutters, as a rule?"

"Because, my dear old boy, it is obvious

that we are bound to be swayed by the look of the market at the moment, than which you can have no more dangerous guide."

"You talk like the *Daily Mail*!"

"Pfoogh! Hope not, I'm sure! Now, I think that newspaper writers—"

But Our Stroller takes no interest in journalism, and moved further East. He was the third to fall into a hole in the pavement full of electric wires, but his misfortune was too usual to excite any attention from the crowd.

"Pass along there, please!" said the policeman, hauling him out. "Don't keep on blockin' up the gangway."

There would have been sparks from the electric-wire pit had not a familiar sound caught The Stroller's ear.

"What did that chap call out about Johnnies?" he asked the police-sergeant, eagerly.

"Pass along there, please!" repeated the official, with imperturbable gravity. "Don't block up the gangway."

"At the five buy Johnnies!" came the voice again from the crowd.

"Got a profit on mine already," soliloquised The Stroller. "I wonder if I ought to sell them."

"Sell them?" cried a man in the Street, as though in answer to the unspoken query. "Shall your client sell Kaffirs? Heavens! what a fool he must be to ask! Of course not!"

"Don't you be so cock-a-doodle sure," advised a well-dressed individual. "We shall have them all down again before the month is out."

"What d' you mean?"



"THE CHAIRMAN."

"I spoke plainly enough, didn't I? If there is no public business, who can support the rise?"

"Silly little man!" exclaimed the other. "Just as though the public ever started a rise in Kaffirs! It's all in the hands of the big houses."

"And what are they going to do?"

"Lay in as much stock as they can while things are low. You can put your hat on that!"

"Thanks! I'd rather keep it on my head, if you don't mind."

"And when the big houses have sufficient shares, and think the public may be tempted in if prices go much lower, we shall see the commencement of a real, live, going-to-last-for-ever Kaffir boom."

"Ah!" sighed half-a-dozen men in unison, closing their eyes and crossing their hands devoutly.

"See 'em lower first, all the same," returned the pessimist, as he borrowed ninepence for a cigar.

"When is this blessed jungle tip coming off?" a dealer asked, with some exasperation. "Here has everyone been talking of a sharp jump in West Africans, and the only way the things jump is downwards."

"Put not your faith in Jungles. Remember the Tar Baby in 'Uncle Remus,'" said a counsellor.

"I remember the Tar-Butt," retorted the other, with some heat.

The Stroller fled.

PETROLEUM SHARES.

The price of petroleum has improved so much of late that the prospects of the Oil Companies have quite changed for the better within the last few months, and not only has crude oil gone up, but the residuals have also appreciated in a remarkable way. Some of the Companies are, of course, handicapped by heavy royalties, but the Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company (which is the pick of the bunch) is, at least, free from this trouble; and its shares have been the first to respond to the improved conditions. We hear that there is an increase of capital in the shape of Ordinary shares under contemplation, and that these will be offered to the present holders at a price which will give a fair bonus, while it is also probable that a block of 5½ per cent. Debentures will be offered for public subscription.

Saturday, Nov. 29, 1902.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERCENTAGE.—(1) We should not have selected the mine you name. For our own money, Knights, Heriots, Henry Nourse, or Wolhuter. See last week's Stock Exchange letter as to the prospect of improvement in price. (2) We do not advise selling the Shipping shares at present.

W. H. C. M.—Your question is a purely legal one on which City Editors are not competent to advise. We think the condition means that the Company will pay on only one Sketch coupon in each case. Write and ask the Ocean Accident Company.

TAR BABY.—If the shares were our own, we should sell them; but, as likely as not, we may be wrong.

GAMMA.—The word "corporation" in the answer you refer to was a misprint for "competition," which, in the hurry of correcting proofs at the last moment, we missed. We have no knowledge of any special electrical opposition.

COMO.—(1) We have long advised every correspondent to sell and be done with the Company. (2) This Company is, as far as we know, doing well, but it is not a savoury kind of business. (3) The statement of the secretary is correct. The accounts are made up to Jan. 31 and presented in June of each year, and then the Ordinary dividend is declared. Your letter with the former question (which you do not repeat) must have miscarried. Every correspondent has been answered, so far as the City Editor knows. Your nom-de-guerre is not easy to read; we hope we have got it correctly.

B. L. (Berlin).—Your post-card has been handed to the agents who deal in our electros and can give leave for the reproduction of pictures or literary matter.

T. H. M.—As far as we can find out, there is no market for the shares. Possibly some of the outside brokers who circularise might be able to deal for you. Write and ask the secretary if he knows of any buyers. If nobody will make an offer, you must just stick to the shares.

J. P.—Our opinion is that the touts in question do not so much desire to make a fortune for you as for themselves. Surely there is no need to explain this very natural aspiration on the part of the gentleman who runs the show. We never heard of the firm before, but the circular is enough to condemn them.

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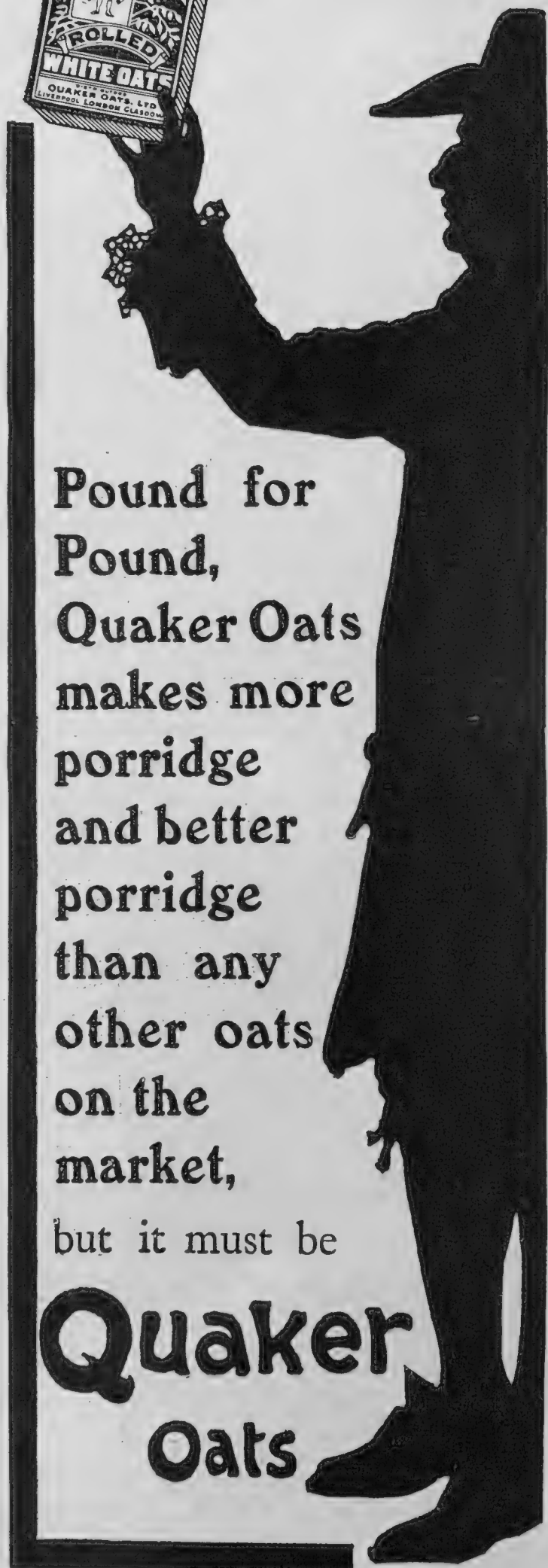
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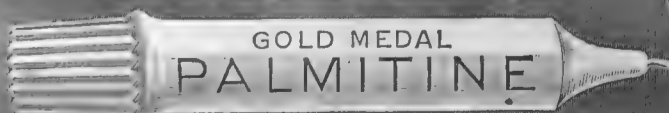
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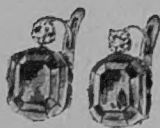
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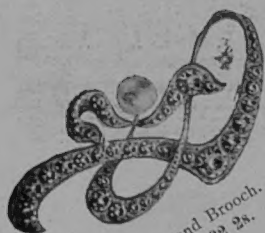
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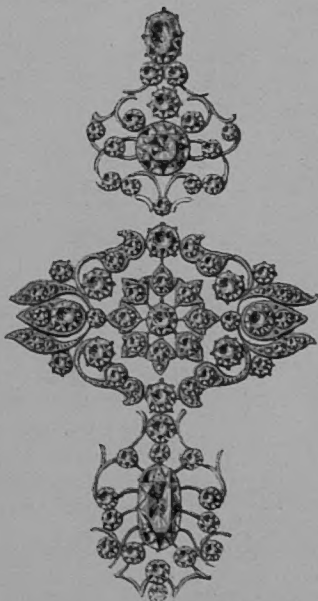
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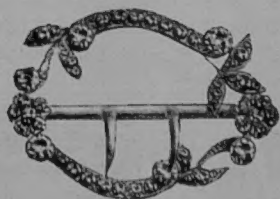
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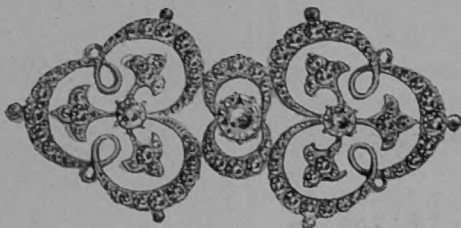
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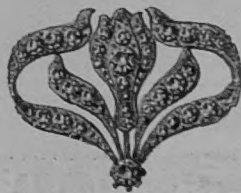
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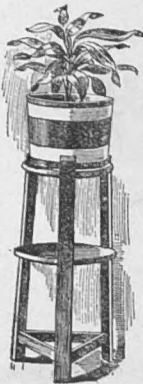
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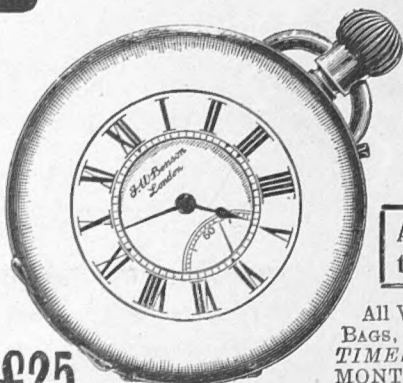
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